

✓
Who Gave Russia the A-Bomb?

LIBRARY
ARMED FORCES STAFF COLLEGE

The American WWV
MERCURY

APRIL 1951 25 CENTS
W

**SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
DREAM GIRL**

Foreign Intelligence:

**A LETTER FROM
BUENOS AIRES**

EDITED BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

What Strange Powers Did The Ancients Possess?

EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which “whispers” to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law

of compensation is as fundamental as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the order is known as the Rosicrucian Brotherhood. Its complete name is the “Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis,” abbreviated by the initials “AMORC.” The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

Not For General Distribution

Sincere men and women, in search of the truth—those who wish to fit in with the ways of the world—are invited to write for complimentary copy of the sealed booklet, “The Mastery of Life.” It tells how to contact the librarian of the archives of AMORC for this rare knowledge. This booklet is not intended for general distribution; nor is it sent without request. It is therefore suggested that you write for your copy to: Scribe Z. C. A.

The ROSICRUCIANS

[AMORC]

San Jose

California

Published monthly by American Mercury Magazine, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription \$3.00 in U. S. and possessions, Canada and in the countries of the Pan American Union; \$4.00 in all other countries. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 32 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., September 29, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1951 by American Mercury Magazine, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved. Protection secured under the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. No articles may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Vol. LXXII • April 1951 • No. 328

THE GIRL OF MY SAKS FIFTH AVENUE DREAMS	Robert Lowry	387
IN THE MERCURY'S OPINION		393
SPRING PASTORAL, <i>A Story</i>	James Cook	398
GOD BLESS YOU! <i>Or, Kleenex Rides the Snuff</i>	Bess Gordon	407
WHO GAVE RUSSIA THE A-BOMB?	William Bradford Huie	413
NOTES FROM A PRIVATE EYE	James Barker	422
WAR BONDS: MORE DELUSIONS OF SECURITY	Christopher Bliss	432
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE:		
<i>A Letter from Buenos Aires</i>	Ernesto Sábato	437
<i>The Way It Was in Italy</i>	Chandler Brossard	442
THREE PLEASURES OF A YOUNG CHINESE, <i>A Story</i>	Seymour Krim	445
THE MAKING OF A LEATHERNECK	James Finan	453
BOOKS: <i>Sclerosis of the Arteries</i>	Chandler Brossard	461
THEATRE: <i>Our Musical Shows</i>	George Jean Nathan	467
DOWN TO EARTH: <i>Serpents' Teeth</i>	Alan Devoe	472
UNDER THE BO TREE: A REVALUATION OF BUDDHA	Max Eastman	477
IN OUR READERS' OPINION		484
MASTERPIECES OF FRAUD	André Emmerich	487
THE REVOLT OF MAMIE STOVER:		
<i>Part III of a Novel</i>	William Bradford Huie	492
DRAUGHTS OF OLD BOURBON		508

WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE, *Editor* CHANDLER BROSSARD, *Executive Editor*
 SUSIE BERG, *Managing Editor* HELENE WILLINGHAM, *Associate Editor*

Don't Miss...

WHO GAVE RUSSIA THE A-BOMB?

by **WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE**

starting in this issue...

... a series of four articles as explosive as the bomb itself. The story of atomic espionage in America is a shocking revelation of treachery and intrigue... of men in high places who betrayed their trust... of enemy agents who had ready access to our top secrets.

This exciting series — exclusive in **THE MERCURY** — starts in the current issue. Be sure of getting your copies by subscribing now. Fill out the coupon below and return it *today*.



MAIL YOUR ORDER NOW

THE AMERICAN MERCURY • 32 EAST 57th STREET • NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Please enter a subscription to **THE AMERICAN MERCURY** in my name as indicated below:

☐ 1 Year (12 issues) \$3

☐ 2 Years (24 issues) \$5.50

(Add \$1 per year for subscriptions outside U. S., its possessions, Canada and the Pan American Postal Union.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ ENCLOSE \$.....

☐ BILL ME LATER

AMERICA! AMERICA!

The Girl of My Saks Fifth Avenue Dreams

By ROBERT LOWRY

BETWEEN THEM they handled the myth of the American dream girl like two seconds kneading and wiping and whispering to a zombie boxer. It was only chance that they lived in the same apartment — a sprawling, rundown place chopped up into half a dozen rooms on the upper West Side of Manhattan. One of them was really the other's landlady. That is, Marian, the model, rented out a room in her apartment to Rita, the copywriter. But in what they were up to — in their efforts at projecting a mechanical goddess that had never been young and could never grow old — they were just about equal. Not that they were the level-headed, sure-handed girls

they thought they were. Like all people devoted to telling lies, they were as much their own victim as the twenty million young ladies across the land who worshiped and mimicked them.

The tall blond one with the long legs and the expectant, childlike face was the model. Which meant that in March you would see her swinging a golf club on page 85 of *Made-moiselle* ('Franklin Simon, New York; Rich's, Atlanta; Burdine's, Miami; Carson's, Chicago; Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, St. Louis'), while a month or two later you would find yourself staring at her clean-shaven armpit, which she knew how to expose in the most

maddeningly delicate and off-hand manner, in a deodorant ad on page 102 of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. In any case, she wore the same glazed finish, the same dazed expression. Like her name, her personality was absent from all these coated-stock public appearances of hers. She was never happy, she was never unhappy; she wasn't really there at all. If at first glance she seemed capable of varying her mood by appearing snobbishly sophisticated in an evening gown ("Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin; Himelhoch's") and cozily sun-warmed in a bathing suit ("Peck & Peck; Carson Pirie Scott"), a closer examination would reveal that the clothes created this illusion, while the girl remained as cold and dead as a piece of snow sculpture.

The other one, the copywriter for a fashion magazine, was not pretty — she had a putty nose and bee-stung lips — but her eyes were big and she was slender enough to manage a tense, "fashionable" look. Her living came from prose instead of pose ("This fall . . . tease him . . . and treat yourself . . . with a Bunnyboo Blouse (Lord & Taylor)"); but even so, to see her coming toward you from two blocks away, down Fifth Avenue, you might

not be aware that you weren't looking at someone as genuinely pretty as Marian. This mistake was part of the game of the industry they both worked for: to persuade all women to look like one and the same glassy-eyed manikin.

Our two friends told two versions of the same fairy story, and to a whole country full of girls in and out of Manhattan, Rita and Marian were fire-breathing, diamond-studded successes. If the American woman's vision of herself — a vision created in Manhattan and documented in Hollywood — was worth having, Model Marian and Writer Rita should have been in clover. It looked like clover, but they found out it was only wire and paper, and under that pancake make-up their faces took on a starved, desperate look.

Both worked in an atmosphere where they secretly saw themselves gradually fading, day by day and year by year, while the illusion they tried to live remained static into eternity. Both had the best out of life, but both had been born, female and uninhibited, for something better than this frustrated "best."

Marian's father owned a grocery store in Mobile, Alabama. At seventeen she had married an

airline pilot; at twenty she had divorced him ("He was always complaining about how his knee hurt but I told him just what the doctors did: it was all in his mind. That's really what we had most of our arguments over — whether there was something wrong with his silly knee or not.") At twenty-one she had come to New York, gotten some bookings as a model, and six months later had her first abortion, paid for without complaint by a young attorney who never asked her for another date. After the abortion she began to think of herself as tough, a real Manhattanite who could not be fooled by man or machine. For any expenditure of time, she wanted something tangible in return. Before the cameras she got a tangible twenty-five dollars an hour. In the evenings and on weekends she traded in real goods: dinners, presents, shows, nightclubs, taxicab rides.

But she had her scale of comparative values. She knew, for instance, that a poor dinner bought by a bright, interesting man was worth approximately as much as a good dinner bought by a gross, boring man. She also knew that the proper procedure was to find a bright, interesting (or at least presentable) man who could afford to buy a good dinner, and then to fall in love

with him. This she did, on one occasion after another, but presentable New York men refused to play the game her way. In her book they were supposed to spend a mint of dough courting her, then there was to be that expensive weekend at Lake Placid when passion overcame the two of them and they made love, then the proposal, the Caribbean honeymoon, and the East Side garden apartment.

They wanted the passionate moment sooner than the schedule allowed, and after two eligible thirty-year-old males (one of them was a radio writer and the other did something for a textile firm: they were really very eligible) faded out of the picture without bothering to scale the high-priced wall of courtship behind which she posed, she lowered her standards a little.

At twenty-five she was more willing to put herself out than she had been at twenty-two. She even served the quarry a dinner in her apartment now and then (on which evenings Rita was given notice not to come barging in), and while the man of the moment had to bring the Scotch and maybe a few bucks worth of flowers to boot, he was still getting her time at bargain rates, the way she figured it. If he seemed really

sincere and really devoted and really available for marriage (ultimately if not at the precise moment) she might even serve him more than just the dinner. But her morality had stern, unbreakable rules: sex had to happen as an accident. She thought she was being shrewd in giving no more than this accidental tangling; she thought that to satisfy a man more completely would be to leave him nothing to hope for in return for his ring.

THE result of all this was more a hectic nightmare than a glamor girl's paradise. Marian knew that everything she wanted depended on her looks, but on more nights than she liked to admit, washing down a couple of sleeping tablets was the only way she could avoid looking haggard the morning after. Her work was not as easy as it sounded. After a day of assuming an endless series of poses in an endless parade of costumes, she went home edgy, dead-tired, yearning for a thousand years of rest. But the part she played as a date was only a continuation of the part she played before the cameras, and even more taxing, because now while she posed she also had to think of things to say — the bright, right things that a

glamor girl *would* say.

She began to have moments of blankness when nothing that was said to her registered, when the man sitting across from her was somebody else's date, not hers, when even the food she ate had no taste and even the words she mouthed had no meaning. It was at such moments, when she seemed to die completely, that people around her could say with most assurance: There's the real thing, folks! — *an American glamor girl*.

At such moments she became the ideal that an industry had sponsored, that an army of art directors and photographers and copywriters had perfected, that a whole nation of young women believed in and copied. At such moments she could not scream or weep or find relief in the frigid love-making she restricted herself to, and in the end she took the standard cure: she went to a psychoanalyst and tried to buy her identity back at a price slightly higher per hour than her own. If identity was not a purchasable item, at least her analyst made her see that under the clothes and the pose and the make-up she was really a very interesting snarl of guilts and frustrations. She found the idea that she had such things extremely flattering, and a good subject for conversation, too.

She took out some of her frustrations on Rita, her tenant, and more of them on photographers' assistants, tradespeople, cab drivers, and her mother, who called her up every month or so and came to see her once a year. "I pity the poor boob who finally picks up her option," Rita often thought, smarting from the way Marian raised hell about the condition of the bathroom ("I can't get in this goddam place with all your wet underwear hanging around") or the kitchen ("Darling, would it be too much to ask you to put the milk away after you've drunk half of it?")

But Rita could survive her snarling stable-mate because she kept so busy. Busy buying clothes to make her look more like Marian, whom she loathed; busy phoning her friends (who were, like most friends in New York, connected in some way with her work); busy chasing around to parties (there was always somebody who had just had a book published at the parties Rita went to: she considered herself a full-fledged member of the market-wise, cellophane-wrapped, *New Yorker*-reading Manhattan intelligentsia.) Because as a child she had experienced some of the inconveniences of poverty in a home where her father was either

drunk or out of work, she was even more admittedly hard-boiled about the importance of cash than Marian, and she went after jobs and men and friends with a cold desperation that sometimes got her what she wanted but never satisfied her.

Among the props of Rita's trade — borrowed merchandise, ten-o'clock sittings, blue-lined character-count copy paper, cold-blooded female fashion editors who could outdrink the magazine's clients — she worked just as hard as Marian and with an even more acute feeling of the hollowness of her life and the hollowness of her creation. Before she rented the room in Marian's apartment, she had lived for several months with a man who had finally decided to go back to his wife after all. In a way, the active generalship she displayed in bed had the same effect on her man as had Marian's determination to make sex seem like an accident: she scared the manhood right out of him. Rita could sneer at Marian for not knowing the name of the latest Italian movie or the truth about a certain playwright's private life, but she really believed in her own copy — in Marian, that is. She believed in this subhuman shell with the unnatural lift to its chin and the empty sky in

its eye, draped in yards of expensive new cloth and suggesting price-tags and name-labels in every movement. Her frantic poses and dramatic self-assertions, her nervous shuttling between beds and cocktail parties, were all born of her secret knowledge that, lacking physical beauty, she could never measure up to the ideal Marian stood for. But then, neither could Marian.

Neither can her ghostly legion of doubles, desperately pretending on all the Fifth Avenues of a thousand towns across America. The haunted face of the model, hovering above Manhattan's skyscrapers, and that of the movie queen, floating over the deserts of Hollywood, gaze at each other across three thousand miles in a look of eternal narcissistic love. Caught in the spell are twenty million girls who have their own and their men's lives to lead, and who can find no satisfactory way to appear on the one hand as plushly-packaged window displays,

preserved under glass like museum idols, and on the other as creatures ready for mating who can wash a dish, give a birth or make a love. The savage reaction is a nihilistic rejection: teen-age sex clubs; lesbian haircuts and mannish careers; or a cool resolve (like Marian's) to make men pay dear for the privilege of kneeling before a goddess who can never be herself.

If ever the glamor begins to crack on this manikin, a little happiness may seep in. But a machine-age culture works around the clock to keep its false ideal in shape. "Accent your personality," Rita writes. "Like this?" asks Marian, and draws in her chest, thrusts out her chin, and fades to nothing behind her eyes. What Rita really means is accent the product, get in the swim, become the standardized, mass-market female ("John Wanamaker, New York; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans") and see your head doctor first thing in the morning.



In the Mercury's Opinion

Escape from Maturity

When we look around us in this time of crisis and try to assess why our vaunted democratic system produces such mediocrity in high places, we wonder whether the Founding Fathers could have envisaged this situation. Probably not. But though they could not foresee the specific, they certainly held fast to the general principles which could be counted on in almost any circumstance. The trouble is we seem to have slipped from the general principles.

Pitted as we are against world imperialists using sinister and

unfamiliar weapons, it is most important that we inspect our own armor. This is, after all, a war of one political and economic system against a threatening rival system more than it is a war of armies against armies. The Soviet system tilts with democracy in a jousting ring with all the world looking on. Signs of strength or weakness mark the rise and fall of the prestige of one or the other of the contestants.

American democracy was created in a spirit of anti as well as pro. It was pro freedom and anti tyranny. In the days of the Founding Fathers tyranny was garbed in the trappings of monarchy. Today, more than 160 years later, the same old tyranny is around, in different garments. It fools none but the most gullible, the most naive. Communism

This month's editorial, "Escape from Maturity," was contributed by John H. Crider, editor-in-chief of The Boston Herald.

is a counter revolution. It is the revolution to upset all of the liberation of man that has proceeded since the anti-monarchal revolutions of the late eighteenth century.

"To be free," as John Milton said, "is precisely the same thing as to be pious, wise, just, and temperate, careful of one's own, abstinent from what is another's, and thence, in fine, magnanimous and brave — so to be the opposite of these is to be a slave."

These are lofty words spoken in our own tradition, but something very significant has happened to our belief in such things. I do not pretend to know the answers, but I submit that our political philosophy is, collectively, something quite different from what it was even fifty years ago. The most conspicuous difference, I suppose, is the change in our attitude toward the role of central government, or of any government for that matter. The usual excuse is to say that the industrial revolution created social and economic problems which only government could handle. To be sure, it did create some problems which only a central government could deal with, but there have always been such problems. What I am talking about is the almost universal acceptance

in our land of the notion that some collective agency — a city, state, county, or national government — can solve problems better than can persons as individuals or in small community groups.

Let me give you one illustration of what I have in mind. The following quotation, date omitted, comes from Samuel P. Orth's *The Armies of Labor* in the Yale Chronicles of America series:

With the panic . . . the mills were closed, thousands of unemployed workers were thrown upon private charity. . . . It was a period of social unrest in which all sorts of philanthropic reforms were suggested and tried out. Measured by later events, it was a period of transition, of social awakening, of aspiration tempered by the bitter experience of failure.

Sounds like the 1930's, but actually it was the panic of 1837 that was referred to. Thus, a century before the big debacle of the early Thirties, the country went through much the same experience. But how was the spirit of reform, generated by mass misery, manifested at that time? By intervention of government? By public doles? No, not at all. Individuals in small groups took matters into their own hands. Some forty tiny

communistic communities were founded by devout men and women who believed that the Lord helped those who try to help themselves. The words of Poor Richard still rang with a clear note. As Emerson wrote to Thomas Carlyle of this period: "We are all a little wild here with numberless projects of social reform. Not a reading man but has the draft of a new community in his waistcoat pocket."

What happened under similar circumstances a hundred years later is too well known to require elaboration. Sufficient to say that everybody from the corporations to the most insignificant individual ran with open hand to you-know-who. The era of the state as a kind of Santa Claus was ushered in. The philosophy of "let George do it" soon became a fairly common denominator. We were now embarked on the same road trod by the industrially revolutionized states of Western Europe.

HOW COULD this be? We had revolted from Europe. Our people, for the most part, had fled from Europe. We took pride in how different we were from the decadent Europeans. Yet, called by other names, we were doing governmentally precisely the kind of things the Europeans had done only a few dec-

ades before. We called our New Deal measures by American names, but that did not alter the fact that doles, social security, subsidies, and bigger and bigger bureaucracy were all in the tradition of European socialism.

Since early in 1937, when I became a Washington correspondent, I have lived very close to the center of the peaceful revolution we have been going through. As a newspaperman trained to look behind the facade of public affairs, perhaps I have been too cynical. But it seems to me that the dangerous elements are multiplying rapidly. What is worse, hardly anybody seems to be aware of the pitfalls. The multitude who decide our political fortunes seem perfectly satisfied so long as they get more money in their pockets every year to buy more things to use or amuse. We complain of Communist materialism, but our own materialism succeeds in closing the eyes of the masses to the probable price of their folly.

It is a bit frightening to consider that ours is the oldest continuously functioning constitutional democracy in history. The republics of ancient times usually went on the rocks when their foundations crumbled, and the essential foundation of a democracy is an informed and politically alert electorate.

I think the tendency to pamper the people, to tell them only what they want to hear, to treat them like so many children, has developed in them a kind of infantilism. By sitting up nights trying to figure out some new thing to dangle before the voters' eyes, by following the wants of the people rather than leading them away from selfishness and mediocrity, our leaders have been in fact followers, corrupting the stuff of which good citizenship is made. Government by Gallup Poll may be a kind of democracy, but it is devoid of statesmanship and can only lead downward to the lowest common denominator of our humanity. By catering to the mania for security, our leaders of the past two decades have altered the emphasis in political thinking from what one gives to what one takes, from duties to doles. The emphasis upon political rights, for which our forefathers fought and died, has shifted to an almost complete absorption in economic rights. What the citizen is entitled to by way of economic benefits seems to have become far more important than his political freedom. This attitude, let us be warned, had much to do with the success of fascism in Italy and Germany, and continues to be the chief lure of Communism.

Of course it pays off politically to nurture and cater to these elemental wants. Political control of this nation can now be had by any group which will woo the two greatest factions in our midst, the unionized workers and the farmers. Franklin Roosevelt discovered this, capitalized upon it, and now his successor is demonstrating that he too can play that game. The result is that, while deploring inflation, recent Washington administrations have actually made it inevitable. They encourage wage increases without limit, and agricultural subsidies are so related to the cost of industrial products that farm prices spiral along with the rest. Only recently a very cynical but realistic Boston banker said to me, *à propos* this situation, "Well, I'll settle for an endless spiral of inflation at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent a year as an alternative to bloody revolution." What this means, of course, is that the dollar becomes cheaper and cheaper until one day we'll have to carry a wheelbarrow full of dollars to do our weekly marketing.

All this foolhardy activity exists to keep the masses happy and to insure the re-election of a certain brand of politician. Its danger is that it ignores the fundamental nature of democ-

racy — ignores the fact that democracy cannot survive without a mature citizenship. Democracy is a system of government which must perish if the people cannot rise politically above the "gimme" stage of childhood. Power rests with the people, and if the people are disinterested in good government, apathetic, or immature about public affairs, the whole edifice crumbles.

Conversely, totalitarianism is made to order for people of only juvenile capabilities. They need despotism, and their dictators love to dish it out.

Numerous instances can be cited from recent history to illustrate symptoms of the infantilism I deplore. One of them is the cult of mediocrity in public life which makes it possible for powerful political groups to run a man like "Jumping Joe" Ferguson for the United States Senate against Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio. Joe is a friendly little man with the common touch sticking out all over him. His grammar is bad, his knowledge of anything outside of Ohio almost nil, but he is a plain looking fellow with an ingratiating grin. The grin works like a charm and would have elected him if the Taft forces hadn't been frightened

into conducting a campaign the likes of which has never been seen in this country before.

Then you might contrast public reaction to men as different as President Truman and Secretary of State Acheson. The President's greatest political asset is his resemblance to the average plain fellow. In contrast, Dean Acheson is an intellectual and an "aristocrat." To make matters worse, he looks it. The result is that no matter what policies he might inaugurate he would be suspected from the beginning. He couldn't get anywhere if he had to run for election. Yet the Secretary, whether you agree with him or not, is probably the best qualified member of the administration hierarchy. What are we going to do to alter the public taste so that a demand is created for the kind of men the times require?

That is a problem for our homes and schools, but before they can get around to catching up on their default we are confronted with a crisis demanding the best of brains and skills we can command. At such a time we must all consider ourselves drafted. We have the talents, and the administration, whatever its faults, welcomes the help of all.

Spring Pastoral

A story by JAMES COOK

THE SPRING SUN felt new and good and Farley wriggled his bare toes deep into the warm sand near the cabin door. He could hear Nona inside, sedge-brooming the floor in soft, regular swishes. A bluejay glided up into the chinaberry tree in the front yard and sat there ruffing its feathers and cocking its head from side to side. As much as he could see of Lakashoola county was green and fresh.

It was a fine spring day, but Farley felt sick inside.

For Boone Timmons was still down there, sitting on a stump at the edge of the swamp and peering up toward Farley's cabin. Ever since he had come up from the swamp woods two full days ago, he had done nothing but sit there and stare. In the

nights, he had crept back under the cover of swamp foliage, but in the light of day he always returned to the open. And each day he had found a sitting place closer and closer to Farley's cabin.

Farley's nearest neighbor was John Hargett, who lived three and a half miles away. And the nearest community was Calvintown, eighteen miles away. But although it had been a month since Farley had seen anyone other than his wife, he spoke no word to the man who had come up from the swamp. For he knew now what Boone Timmons was there for.

And Farley shivered with the thought that he had no weapon to prevent it from happening, and that the nearest help was

three and a half miles away.

When Farley first caught sight of Boone, the man had a croker sack with him, and Farley had tried not to feel especially uneasy about his stopping down there. He had hoped Boone was heading somewhere farther up the river and was just stopping by there to rest. But since then he had seen the man take food from the bag and eat it, had seen that he was prepared for a long wait. And there was no way Farley could keep from knowing what Boone Timmons was waiting for.

Farley packed his pipe, lit it, and leaned back against the rain-grayed door sill, but as he did these things he never took his eyes from the man who sat at the edge of the swamp woods. Boone was less than a hundred yards away, near enough for Farley to see the bright scar that ran down one side of his nose and through the beard stubble of one cheek, to see the stump of the left ear that had been lost two springs ago, and near enough to see the eyes. The eyes, Farley reckoned, were the things that always forced his gaze back to the man. They had the same fascination as the glinting eyes of a night animal.

Until four years ago, the year that Nona and Farley married and bought their piece of land

in Lakashoola county, the few scattered settlers on the lonely upriver land had heard of Boone Timmons, but they had never seen him. For he lived alone the year around somewhere down in the Chawneehatchee swamp-water country that spread out thirty or forty square miles below Farley's place. Living, as far as anyone knew, off fish and game and plants that grew wild in the swamp.

The first spring that Boone came up out of the swamp was four years ago. It was Len Smith's wife that time, she screaming and trying to get away and Boone taking it right out in Len's new-plowed cotton field. Len, a man small and frail like Farley, had run out to her and tried to beat him away. But when he did, Boone smashed Len's jaw with the heel of one of his powerful hands, smashed it so that Len had had to stay more than a week in the Calvin-town hospital.

The following day a posse of Farley's neighbors had gone into the swamps with bloodhounds. But in two days of searching through the Chawneehatchee's thirty-odd square miles of bogs and tangles and quicksands, they had found no trace of Boone Timmons.

That once seemed enough for Boone and he did not return

from the swamps for another year.

Then one night at plowing time of the next year, John Hargett came by Farley's cabin to borrow his shotgun. For Boone had come upriver again. And although John was as independent and word-bound as the rest of the upriver men of the county, Farley could piece together enough of what he did say to know that this time it had been John Hargett's wife, while John was in town with the wagon.

Three days later John returned tired and muddy to report that he had lost Farley's gun in a slough bog. But like many another man who had gone after Boone Timmons, John had not been able to find the trace of a trail through that dark backwater land.

And again after that one afternoon, Boone remained in

James Cook spent his boyhood in Alabama and the northwest section of Florida. He was in the Seabees when he was seventeen. He has tried his hand at such diverse jobs as steel mill worker, stevedore, pool parlor rack boy, lumber stacker, salesman, soda jerker, and newspaper editor, but has now settled down to reporting for the United Press in Miami. He started to write fiction while going to the University of Southern California, and this is his first published story.

the swamps throughout another year.

When Timmons made his trip upriver the next spring, he started after Ward Sizemore's wife, but Ward got to her in time and knocked off one of Boone's ears with a mattock.

It was two springs ago that Farley had heard of that. Boone hadn't come upriver the past spring, and Farley had for two years nursed the hope that Ward's mattock had scared him away for good.

FARLEY SPENT all afternoon sitting in his doorway, lighting his pipe from time to time and watching the still, waiting figure of Boone Timmons. The sun slowly moved down behind the river woods and finally night began creeping slowly up through the swamp thickets. A few crickets made their chittering noises and every now and then a bullfrog would grunt.

Nona had lit the lamp and had gone back into the kitchen to punch up the stove for supper. As the evening passed farther and farther towards night the lamp inside seemed to grow brighter and, sitting in the doorway, Farley's back felt heat from the kitchen stove. Inside there was light and warmth from the stove and the comfortable woman sounds that

Nona made fixing supper.

He heard Nona's light steps behind him and he turned and looked up at her. She was drying her hands on a gingham apron and he thought how pretty her hands were, not hard and wrinkled like most, but tender and soft like those of a town woman.

"Supper'll be ready pretty soon, Farley, soon as you're ready."

"I'll be right in," he answered. "Want to wash up first, and then I'll be right in."

"All right. It'll be waiting on you," she said, and then after she had walked back to the kitchen she called, "I made some peach fritters tonight like you like." And there was a good, soft something in her voice that for a moment made him want to run straight to the man at the swamp edge and smash with his fists at that ugly, watching face.

But the moment passed and once again the sickness of fear gripped him, and tiny points of sweat came from his chest at the thought of what would have happened if Nona had said anything. Or had even looked in the direction of the swamp woods. For once anything was said by her, once the existence of Boone Timmons was even openly recognized, Farley knew he would have to fight him

then, would have to go out there and either kill him or be killed.

Nona hadn't said anything since Boone had begun sitting down there. She had looked out at him that first day. And Farley had seen the terror in her eyes when she saw the hulking grotesque of a man sitting down there. After that first day Farley hadn't seen her even glance toward the swamp.

During the two days that Boone had been there, Farley had tried to think a way out of his fear. He had thought of trying to get Nona away from the cabin and across the fields and hills to neighbors. But he knew that as soon as they stirred from the cabin it would happen, and the one clear thought in Farley's mind was that he must not be there when it did.

It was almost black dark when Boone rose and stretched and moved back into the thick swamp growth. When he could no longer see him, Farley went inside and set the door bars in place. And he sighed, not of relief but more like the sigh of a man who is through with a day of hard, wearying work.

For he knew that Boone would still be there tomorrow, and that through the night he would be hiding down in the

dark swamp foliage, watching the cabin—waiting.

The waiting in the night was the most terrifying thing of all to Farley. The man might be anywhere out there in the darkness. For a long time now Farley had realized that Boone was enjoying the delay—that like a cat with a field mouse, he was taking pleasure in Farley's growing, weakening fear. And he knew that when the man had taken all the pleasure he wanted from that fear, he would then pounce.

After supper that night he sat in the kitchen by the stove, for it was not cold enough to build a fire in the front room hearth. Nona sat at the table, cutting out a dress from material she had bought in Calvintown, and Farley opened the Bible to Matthew and began reading. But it was hard to keep his mind on it, and he had to read some of the familiar verses over again to get any sense from them.

"It's warmer tonight," Nona said. "I reckon you'll want to get plowing done pretty soon."

"That's so."

Farley answered as if it weren't important. But he thought of how much he had ached all winter for the warm spring days of plowing, days when a man could again stir up

a good sweat and really have a need for a tub-washing in the late afternoon; days when the earth behind the plowshare would feel cool and fresh and alive to a man's feet; when he might sit on the root of a shade tree every now and then to cool off. And the earth, he knew, was just yearning to be plowed, needed to be plowed while it was still moist from winter frosts.

"You might ought to get up to the ridge strip and plow some before rain sets in, Farley."

The ridge strip was three-quarters of a mile from their cabin and Farley knew why she had mentioned it. If he were up there he wouldn't have to be anywhere nearby when it happened. He started to tell her that he knew why she had said it.

But he didn't and just said "Maybe."

"That ridge strip'll be mighty hard to work when it gets all muddy and messy up there," Nona continued, with each word making it easier and easier for Farley to be away when it happened. "Last year our best cotton came off that ridge, and I just bet you we can have a even better crop off it this year. Yes, sir, I think it'd be a lot better doing it tomorrow and the next few days, Farley."

And again he could find

strength to answer with nothing more than "Maybe."

Farley knew he wouldn't go out to the ridge strip the next day, that he couldn't go that soon. He told himself that he wouldn't go plowing at all until he had done his man-duty of clearing Boone Timmons off the place; but even while he was forming those words in his mind he had the weakening feeling that he would probably go up there the day after tomorrow. And he hated the feeling and tried to get rid of it by taking a firmer grip on the Bible and silently forming each word with his lips. "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth."

HE DIDN'T go plowing the next day but took his same seat in the doorway, in the same place where he had sat for the past two days.

It was almost noon when he caught sight of Boone Timmons' short, overmuscled figure lumbering slowly up from the swamp thicket.

When he reached the cleared land, he paused for a moment, then started across the cotton field toward Farley, taking in

the winter-roughened cotton rows one at a stride. Farley flinched with the thought that the man was going to walk right up to the cabin, but when he reached the little shade oak forty or fifty yards out in the field from Farley's front door, he sat down and propped himself against its trunk. Then Boone resumed his peering. He looked past Farley and into the house most of the time, but occasionally he looked straight at Farley, and when he did, Farley couldn't help dropping his gaze.

Nona was back in the kitchen but he heard no sounds from her. There were no clouds in the sky and the sun was the hottest it had been so far that year.

It wasn't until three o'clock that Farley finally said something. All that time he had been thinking about the lie that he was going to tell the man.

"T-Timmons," he said, not very loud, "they's a shotgun just inside this house."

The man cupped his hand behind his good ear and leaned toward Farley.

"What'd you say?"

Farley had forgotten the slashed ear, and it panicked him to think that he must now repeat the lie which he had needed more than three hours to voice.

"I say — I got a shotgun just

inside this house." He said it slowly so that he wouldn't stutter again.

The man stared at Farley with stone blue eyes. Through the tense minutes, Farley waited for Boone to answer, but the man said nothing. There was only the stone blue gaze and the steamy silence of the swamp-land beyond it.

And Farley did not say anything more. As the silent minutes passed, he knew more and more surely that even if it was true that a gun was inside his cabin — even if he had one loaded and in his hands — he would not have the courage to use it. So he did not speak again.

There was no conversation between Farley and Nona that night, for it had again been almost full night before Boone Timmons had crept back into the swamp wood. But Farley was aware of a silent agreement between them that he would plow the ridge strip the next day, and he was too exhausted to pretend even to himself that he might not go.

After he had checked to see that the door bars were firmly settled and had blown out the lamp, he slipped out of his overalls and got into the bed with Nona. The bed was made of striped ticking cloth and good cotton batting, unlike the shuck

and straw mattresses that most of the riverland farmers slept on. It was a comfortable place to sleep, but Farley lay awake on it for a long time. Nona lay on her side and breathed long, even breaths as if she were asleep, but Farley knew that she, too, was awake.

Once in the night Farley awoke trembling against Nona's soft little breasts, for he had dreamed a terrible thing. He had seen the man get up from under the shade scrub and start toward the cabin. Farley got inside and after a lot of trouble finally settled the front door bar into its groove. But when he couldn't find his shotgun, he went back to the kitchen to ask Nona about it. But Nona wasn't there. Only Boone Timmons was standing there with his bear arms hanging loose beside him and his eyes blaring crazily at Farley. After a moment Farley saw that there was some blood oozing from the man's mouth. At first Farley couldn't tell what the man was chewing, but then he looked more closely and he saw that it was one of Nona's hands. And that was when he awoke and trembled against Nona's soft little breasts.

FARLEY harnessed the mule soon after dawn the next morning and set out for the

ridge strip three-quarters of a mile away. When he reached the first rise two hundred yards or so from the cabin, he stopped and looked back.

Boone Timmons was still hidden from sight, but Nona was standing in the sandy front yard near the chinaberry tree. Standing very still as she always did when she was listening. From that distance, Nona looked like the little girl she had been when Farley first met her many years ago. Even that far away, he could see the early breeze moving the skirt about her slim legs, could see it gently touching her hair.

And the sight made him want to call to her, to have her come with him to the ridge strip. But Farley knew that the moment he made any move to get Nona away from the cabin, Boone would pounce.

"Get up, there!" he called to the mule Lucius louder and harsher than necessary, and he tracked on over the hill, out of sight of the cabin.

He couldn't remember a time in all of his twenty-eight years when he had ever plowed as much as he did that day. The mule Lucius was fresh for work after a winter of idleness and Farley kept him going until his rump was shiny with sweat. Farley didn't stop once that

day except to rest Lucius. He didn't even stop to eat the dinner that Nona had carefully packed in the molasses pail. Toward sunset his knees grew limber and it seemed to him as if all the sweat was gone from his body, but he kept on plowing the ridge strip. For the more tired he became the less he had to think. Even after sundown he kept Lucius going, until it finally became so dusky that he couldn't see to make his furrows true. And he knew there was no use staying up there any longer.

After Lucius was in his shed and Farley had washed up, he came into the kitchen and sat by the stove while Nona finished fixing supper. Nona talked cheerily about little things while she moved about the room, laying out the meal.

"Whyn't you turn my garden ground after you're through with the ridge strip, Farley? I'm gonna have to get some seed planted if we're to have fresh vegetables this summer."

"I'll get to it right away, Nona."

Nona was wearing a neat little cotton blouse and the bright, flower-printed skirt that Farley had always liked so much. She had on neatly folded cotton socks and saddle oxfords. Nona had always worn shoes, even around the house, and

Farley liked that.

"Yes, sirree, it's sure gonna be nice to have some rosnyears again, and some nice little green onions like you like."

And Nona talked about the way she planned to lay out their garden as soon as Farley got it plowed, about how Farley must get some mustard seed the next Saturday he went to town, and about the canning she wanted to get done that summer. She spoke of the many little plans that she had for that year and for all their years together that would follow.

Except for the dark, ugly bruise on her throat about the size of a halfdollar or a big man's thumb, Nona seemed the same as before.

Despite his hard day's work and the fact that he had had no dinner in the field, Farley ate only small helpings from the dishes on the table. As soon as Nona was also through eating, he stood up.

"Think I'll go out for a little walk," he said.

"They's some pie. Won't you eat a little dish of it?"

"No. Thankye."

"They's still two or three of the fritters left. Wouldn't take no more than a second to heat 'em up."

"No. No, thankye. I think I'll just go out and smoke my pipe."

Outside Farley lit his pipe and strolled off down the river trail. He walked for a long time, past many miles of pine woods and swamp thickets, past moon-soaked farm fields, and along the slow, silent river. His pipe had gone out long ago when he finally stopped to tap out its ashes on a stump beside the river trail.

While standing there, refilling it, Farley heard a fluttering noise under a tree just a few feet away. He walked over to it, and in the clear moonlight he saw that it was a wood thrush caught in some farmer's wooden trap.

He reached into it and carefully took the bird in his hand. He held it for several moments, then opened his fingers. The bird sprang away from his palm and he watched it wing away into the night.

And Farley said aloud: "Nona is soft and warm like a wood thrush."

And having said that to himself while standing there in the night by the river trail somehow seemed awfully funny to Farley, and he began laughing, hysterically.

God Bless You!

or, Kleenex Rides the Snuff

By BESS GORDON

THE SNEEZE MAY fill the air with germs, transmitting them from man to man, or woman to woman, or man to woman for that matter; it may also help spread epidemics, create sudden intimacies or lasting rifts, and generally spray the void with a quality that was lacking from it a moment before. Most people are disinclined to take the sneeze seriously or honestly. They are shy or furtive about it, hiding their faces in a blanket or a handkerchief, stifling it with the well known gesture of the hand, or simply *holding back* the full, invigorating force of the explosion in a manner known scientifically as *niesen interruptus*. The latter is by far the most frustrating, and considered from any psychological point of view, has, in the long run, inflicted more harm than good on suffering mankind.

The comfort and release derived from the *wholehearted*, in-

voluntary spasm of the sneeze, most scientists agree, is rarely equalled by any other form of experience. You will forget all about your vitamins and gymnasiums, throw away your diets, anti-histamins and precious dopes, once you've mastered the secret of this involuntary reaction. Yes, one simple, everyday sneeze to which the entire being responds, vibrating like a taut bow from head to toe, — or tip to top if you prefer — is worth the collected works of Dr. Froude and half the papyrus lost in the sacking of Aristotle's library in Alexandria!

Of course there are sneezes and sneezes. Just as there is snuff, hay fever, the "running nose," the queer and complicated ritual of "blowing," the endless scale of inflection ranging from soprano to *basso falsetto* as varied in nuance and significance as the tonal distinctions which separate the hundreds of

odd Chinese dialects, the quality and volume — if I may be permitted to be clinical for a moment — of the viscid secretion of the membrane, the individual preference for tissue, nylon, silk, or linen, the position and co-ordination of the other members of the body, etc. In fact, the ramifications of the sneeze are as varied as humanity itself. From time immemorial, it has been considered by all peoples of the world, the civilized, uncultivated, and primitive alike, as a definite manifestation of man's immortal spirit and his instinct for the preservation of life.

In just this connection, for example, have you ever considered the significance of the "Bless you" or "God Bless you!" which are the immediate response of any decent human being to his fellow man's sneeze, regardless of the type or quality? Why should the Deity be invoked, why "blessing," unless the *nature* of the act were beneficent and the outcome providential? Actually the whys and wherefores of the sneeze-blessing — like the sneeze itself — have been inquired into since (almost) the earliest times.

Here is one explanation of the origin of the blessing (from an ancient Rabbinical text which has since been plagiarized

by a famous British scenario writer, and also served as the plot for a sacrilegious musical comedy by Noel Coward): Not long after the Creation, God issued a general decree that every man should sneeze but once in his lifetime and thereupon immediately depart this world. Now Jacob was not quite pleased with the idea of passing away in "this precipitate fashion." After considerable brooding, he decided to take a cue from Abraham who had so successfully persuaded the Lord to show leniency to Sodom, bringing Him down from fifty to ten "righteous" inhabitants, if they could be found, as reason enough to spare that corrupt city (in a Biblical passage which has been described in certain prejudiced and contemptible circles as the first inspired example of "haggling" in literature!).

He consequently prostrated himself before the Lord, then like Abraham wrestled a second, third, and fourth time with Him, earnestly entreating the favor of being exempted from the decree. His prayers were heard (there is no record of any direct conversation). He sneezed and survived in joy. As did his progeny. The earthly rulers of the universe, learning of this extraordinary circumstance, ordered that all future sneezing be

accompanied by prayers of thanksgiving for the preservation of life. Thus the significance of the sneeze, with God's blessing, was handed down from father to son, and in time came to be expressed by the casual bystander for the benefit of anyone who happened to sneeze.

(Credit where credit is due: this same bit of Talmudic lore has been used by Oscar Wilde in one of his exquisite tales, transplanted into Arabia and given a characteristic, perverse twist which makes it sound French and quite *fin de siècle* in origin!)

AND HERE IS an account of the origin of the sneeze-blessing from one of the truly fabulous medieval French *Livres des Heures*: During a pestilence due, among other reasons, to the primitive sanitary conditions of the time, the air became filled with a paroicious and deleterious exudation, given off by improperly looked after moats and cisterns. Scores who sneezed — it was a sudden, but nonetheless, protracted spasm, with the head flung horizontally back, the mouth agape as though for the most breathtaking "Ah!", the eyes literally popping — dropped dead, almost immediately after achieving the spasm. The bystanders, who were chiefly

warriors, observing the peculiar convulsion of the disease which exposed the victim's throat to them down to the tonsils, fell into the habit of exclaiming with typical French irony, "*quelle blessure béante!*" (translated roughly, "What a gaping wound or hole!"), thus commenting, albeit not very humanely, on the curious death-dealing propensities of the spasm.

After the pestilence had passed, "*quelle blessure*" or "*quelle blessure béante!*" remained in common usage as the conventional reaction to the sneeze, and when the Normans invaded England they brought this usage, among many others, with them. The Albions, in turn, perhaps with unconscious racial pride, corrupted typical Gallic contumely into benediction, exclaiming "Bless yer" or "Blessings be on 't!" whenever anyone near or dear to them achieved a spasm.

Naturally, like so many of the legends which surround the mystery of man's being, his strange instincts and queerer habits, the above seems, to me at least, apocryphal. Most scholars and all reputable documents define the sneeze as an immediate sign of incoming life.

Thus, turning again to the Bible: When Elisha restored the

Shumanite's son, the child's return to life was signified by its sneezing seven times and opening its eyes. *II Kings: v.35*

Or to Greek mythology: When Prometheus flew back and opened the phial containing the solar rays he had stolen, permeating his home-made man with them, the automaton fell a-sneezing, thereby giving the first signs of life. Furthermore, transported by his success, Prometheus offered up prayers for the preservation of this singular being. And the being, remembering Prometheus' ejaculations, offered up the same on behalf of his descendants; the prayers being perpetuated from father to son.

Aristotle had this explanation for the importance of the sneeze: Early civilized man believed implicitly in the head as the seat of the spirit and the base which governed and animated the whole human system; the sneeze, thus, not only announced the existence of the internal and immortal man, but became the most manifest, sensory operation of the human head.

As I've said before, the ramifications of the sneeze are as multitudinous as humanity itself. But what is most astonishing is that an act which once synthesized the whole force and direction of man's living spirit

has come to be significant in relation to health, love, and such lesser human interests.

"God bless you!" is the salutation offered the sneezer in English speaking countries.

"*Gesundheit!*" or "*Leb' wohl!*" among the Germans.

"*Bonne santé!*" where French is spoken.

Neither royalty nor commoner ignore the sneeze. "If his Honour chances to sneeze," declares the *Rules of Civility*, translated from the French in 1685, "you are not to bawl out, 'God bless you, sir', but pulling off your hat bow to him handsomely and make that observation in a genteel undertone to yourself."

Kaiser Wilhelm II preferred the observation voiced. (As who wouldn't?) According to one of the Duke von Eulenberg's letters to a young Lieutenant in Bavaria, the Kaiser's reaction was most morbid on the occasion of an Imperial sneeze during the dedication ceremony of a new Cadet School in Dahlem. Entering his carriage, while the band played *Deutschland Ueber Alles*, he remarked to a favorite aide-de-camp (the dashing Count S.), "I sneezed and not a single solitary soul said *Gesundheit!* That is what it means to be an emperor! A pair of waxed moustaches and an empty helmet would have elicited the

same response."

"Live," or "God keep you!" ejaculates the bystander among the Hindus. "The same to you," responds the sneezer, slyly rubbing his ear with an ingratiating movement of the index and thumb.

"God be praised," proclaims the one who has sneezed among the Mohammedans. "God have mercy on you," responds the bystander. "God guide us and guide *you*," in turn rejoins the sneezer.

Among primitive peoples sneezing is associated with the departure or return of the soul to the nostrils. The soul, the life force, is identified with the breath; and the nostrils are the gates of life.

"Come back," says the Eskimo who has sneezed, addressing his retreating soul. He might otherwise become ill.

When de Soto, in 1542, was interviewing the Cacique Guachoya, the latter sneezed. Thereupon all the Cacique's attendants bowed their heads, opened and closed their arms, and performed various primitive gestures of adulation, chanting such phrases to their chieftain as, "May the sun guard you." "May the sun never set on your smallest member." "May the sun spread and lay his gold over you."

Various other sneeze omens

observed in different climes and eras follow in loose order:

The narrator or an auditor sneezes during the telling of an anecdote: the speaker is telling the truth. (The most common belief.) And you can't sneeze to order — at any rate not in a way that would satisfy any post-pubescent who knows anything about sneezing.

During the wedding ceremony, if the bridegroom sneezes the union will be unlucky.

(Germany)

Two pregnant women sneeze at the same time. They will give birth to daughters near a deserted well. If their husbands sneeze simultaneously the offspring will be male musicians.

(Esthonia)

If a newborn infant sneezes, all danger is past; it is out of the reach of "fairy spells."

(Scotland)

Sneeze once. Someone is speaking good of you. Sneeze twice. Ill is being spoken. Sneeze thrice. Just a cold in the head.

(Japan)

Sneeze. "May you club someone," or better, "May your own wife have twins." (Fiji Islands)

The sneeze is a yawn with virility added.

(Bangkok)

If, among the ancient Greeks and Romans, someone sneezed, the significance of the spasm was determined by the position

of the bystander. Socrates, we have it on no less an authority than Plato, always felt encouraged to go on with what he had undertaken if the bystander with whom he was immediately engaged sneezed on his right side; if the act occurred on his left, however, he gave up the idea of going any farther. (Greece)

The sneeze may claim its singers as well as its thinkers. The following stanza translated from the classical Latin into English in 1605 is a lusty example of how mores and customs change while the sneeze remains eternal:

When you would sneeze, strait
turne yourself unto your
neighbor's face:

As for my part, wherein to
sneeze, I know no fitter

place;

It is an order, when you sneeze
good men will pray for you;

Marke him that dothe so, for
I thinke he is your friend
most true.

And that your friend may
know who sneezes, and may
for you pray,

Be sure you not forget to sneeze
full in his face alway;

But when thou hear'st another
sneeze, although he be thy
father,

Say not *God bless him*, but *Choak*
up, or some such matter
rather.

(R. F. Gent:

"The Schoole of Slovenrie.")

Bless us, bless us all!*

* SNEEZE: to emit air or breath suddenly, forcibly, and audibly through the nose and mouth by involuntary, spasmodic action.

(Webster's Pocket Dictionary, 1930.)

Bess Gordon got tired of hearing people shout Gesundheit! instead of something else, whenever she sneezed, so it was fury as well as scientific interest that galvanized her research into it. She writes poetry and lives in Brooklyn.

Who Gave RUSSIA *the* A-BOMB?

By WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

✓
ON JANUARY 15, 1951, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City, Thomas E. Murray, a member of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, made this significant statement: "Thanks to such traitors as Fuchs and Pontecorvo, to mention only two — and Lord knows how many more . . . the Russians unfortunately have the atomic bomb."

This was the first official admission of a high crime against free men: the bomb was *given* to the Russians. It was given to them by American, Canadian, and British citizens, and the gift enabled Russia to begin the intimidatory use of the bombs at least ten years before they could have done so without the gift.

The admission that the bomb was given marks a reversal by the government of the United States. Heretofore, spokesmen for the Administration have contended that Russian espionage was unavailing since there

was nothing to steal; and there has been a seven-year government effort to protect the American citizens who gave our secrets to Russia. Dr. Joseph Weinberg, who personally delivered a formula to a Russian agent, is today a protected professor at the University of Wisconsin. Dr. David Bohm, who was a member of Weinberg's Communist cell, was, until recently, a protected professor at Princeton. And Steve Nelson, born Stefan Mesarosh, who headed the espionage effort against the Radiation Laboratories at Berkeley, California, is a free citizen of Pennsylvania.

Immediately after the Second War the Canadian Government brought its atomic spies and traitors to trial, sent them to jail, and published a masterly report on their crimes. But the United States Government first tried to deny that crimes had been committed, then tried to shield the criminals, and finally

—reluctantly— has allowed the Federal Bureau of Investigation to make a series of arrests.

Now has come the admission: Russia got the bomb through the connivance of American citizens — and as the result of derelictions of officers of the government of the United States!

There are two groups of guilty Americans: 1) the men who actually conspired to deliver information into Russian-employed hands, and 2) the officers of our government who knew that such deliveries were being made and who, nevertheless, prevented the arrest of the conspirators. Both of these groups deserve the wrath of free men everywhere, for they have contributed to our present predicament.

It is impossible to exaggerate the enormity of this offense against America and the free world. For five years after the Second War the West enjoyed freedom to recover because of the American monopoly of the bomb. The Western European nations could pour their energies into economic recovery rather than arms because Russia could not retaliate in kind against atomic attack. Had the Russian espionage effort not been successful, our scientists agree that this grace period would have extended at least

five more, and probably ten, years. Now, however, since Russia has the bomb, the Western European nations, as well as America, must divert their energies to arms; and already in Asia Russia has dared to send her satellite, Red China, into war against the United Nations.

For this ten-year advantage, for the ability now to force the free world into a vast armament effort, Russia can thank the "Lord knows how many" Americans who conspired to help — and who refused to allow the conspiracy to be exposed.

This refusal of our government to interfere with the conspiracy is the most ironic aspect of the tragedy. Our security agencies did their part to prevent the delivery of the bomb to Russia. Agents of the FBI and the Army's Counter-Intelligence Corps *knew* that Joe Weinberg delivered a vital formula to Steve Nelson in 1943; the agents *watched* Nelson pass the formula to Peter Ivanov; the agents begged for permission to stop the transfers; but the State and Justice Departments of the United States Government refused to allow the arrest of the conspirators.

For seven years there has been a virtual conspiracy to keep these facts from the American people. All the facts that can be

ascertained from the FBI and from Military Intelligence will now be published by THE MERCURY. This, the first of a series of articles, deals with the espionage effort against the Radiation Laboratories of the University of California.

IT IS BELIEVED that as early as 1939 the Comintern learned that our experiments in nuclear physics might have military implications. By 1940 it is known that word had gone out to the trusted Communists in the United States to report all information on the subject of nuclear physics as well as the movements of American and foreign physicists in this country. The over-all head of Russian espionage in North America was a man known as "J. U. Peters," and in 1940 Peters assigned a special agent to head the effort against each of the research centers which at that time were experimenting with atomic energy. Steve Nelson headed the effort against the Radiation Laboratory at the University of California, and Arthur Adams directed the effort against The Metallurgical Laboratory at the University of Chicago.

Nelson went to Berkeley with a fifteen-year record of loyal service to the Communist Party.

From youth he had practiced the game of dissembling and fraud. Born Stefan Mesarosh in Chaglich, Yugoslavia, on January 1, 1903, in 1920 he slipped into the United States with his mother and two sisters under the name of his uncle, Josef Fleischinger, a naturalized U. S. citizen, who claimed to be husband and father of the new immigrants. Two years later, when immigration authorities learned of the fraud, it was decided after a hearing that "if allowed to remain in the United States these people undoubtedly will become substantial citizens." The State Department concurred in this opinion, and the entry of the "Fleischingers" was legalized.

In 1928, when he was twenty-five, the dark, stocky Nelson became a citizen, swearing allegiance before a Federal judge in Detroit. At that time he had for three years been a member of the Communist Party.

When he was twenty-eight Nelson was sent to Moscow to learn techniques of espionage and revolution at the Lenin School. He received his passport as a native-born American, born in Rankin, Pa., son of a Swedish immigrant. He said he was a carpenter, that he wanted to go to Germany to study building construction, that he had never

been abroad. All he saw of German building construction was the houses along the railroad tracks of the Moscow express. He spent two years at the Lenin School, then was sent to Shanghai for a year of practice in the arts of infiltration, espionage, sabotage, and blackmail.

Back in America in 1934 he was a "section organizer" for the Party in the Pennsylvania coal fields. But the Comintern tapped him for service in the Spanish Civil War — and again he duped the State Department. Applying for his passport he claimed to be a salesman named Joseph Fleischinger, born in Philadelphia in 1904, making his first trip abroad for a vacation in France. Though he misspelled "Fleischinger" twice in signing his application, he was granted the passport that enabled him to spend four months as a lieutenant-colonel in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade of the Loyalist Army. During his war service the New York *Daily Worker* frequently praised him.

On his return to America he was promoted to membership in the National Committee of the Communist Party alongside such characters as Eugene Dennis, Jack Stachel, and others of the eleven recently convicted of conspiring to overthrow the U. S. Government. In 1940 he was

given the Party's top conspiratorial assignment: to collect the secrets on the development of the atom bomb at the Radiation Laboratory at Berkeley.

It is believed that one of the reasons why Nelson was given this assignment was that he was a friend of a woman named Katherine Harrison.

Miss Harrison had an interesting background. A biologist with pinkish leanings, she had gone to Spain in 1937 in search of a man with whom, presumably, she was in love. Her man, a member of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, had been killed by the time she arrived, and this sad knowledge was imparted to her by Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Fleischinger, alias Steve Nelson. Nelson came to know Miss Harrison quite well — well enough to be certain of future invitations to her home. And by 1940 Miss Harrison's home was an interesting place for Communists, for she had returned from Spain to the United States, transferred to the University of California, and married Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the man who was to direct the assembly of the atomic bomb!

Doctor Oppenheimer has testified before the House Un-American Activities Committee that he was never a member of the Party; his wife has not yet

been called to testify; but his brother, Frank Oppenheimer, has admitted Party membership. (The possibility that Nelson may have gotten some of the secrets from the Oppenheimer family will be detailed in a subsequent installment.)

Nelson's first action in California was to form a Communist cell composed of four to eight scientists who were working on the bomb project in the laboratories. The name and number and partial membership in this cell have been established by sworn testimony before the House Committee. The chief recruiter was Giovanni Rossi Lomanitz, an Oklahoma boy, who had come to the University of California in 1940, at the age of nineteen, to study physics. The membership included two other bright students at the University: David Joseph Bohm, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and Joseph Weinberg, from the Bronx, New York, both of whom received a Ph.D. degree in 1943 at the age of twenty-six, while engaged meantime on atomic research at the Radiation Laboratory.

Nelson was known as "Hugo" among this group, and he constantly preached the doctrine that scientific developments must be shared with all mankind — and particularly

with the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Agents of the FBI and the Army's CIC, working together, knew the members of this cell and tailed them all. And the agents were not asleep on a dark night in March, 1943, when Dr. Weinberg made his way to 3720 Grove Street, Oakland, which was Nelson's home. Nelson was away when he arrived, but Mrs. Nelson let him in. At 1:30 A.M. Nelson returned, and this conversation was overheard by CIC agents:

"Sorry to keep you waiting," Nelson said. "I had an important meeting downtown."

"I've got some information," Weinberg said, "that I think the Party can use. It's a new formula."

"Let me have it," Nelson replied.

Weinberg explained that he couldn't leave the formula as it was in the handwriting of another scientist, and it had to be returned by morning. "You'll have to make a copy of it," he told Nelson.

"Read it to me slowly," Nelson said. "We mustn't make a mistake."

The CIC agents grimaced as they listened to Weinberg carefully read the formula. Then Nelson read it back with even greater care.

Our security agencies, knowing the importance of this formula, were appalled. Hurried appeals were made to the State and Justice Departments to allow the arrest of Nelson, Weinberg, and the others. These appeals became even more frantic when the agents, a few hours later, heard Nelson telephone the Soviet Consulate in San Francisco and make a date to meet the vice consul, Peter Ivanov, that afternoon at the "usual place."

With perhaps the future of Western civilization at stake, both the State and Justice Departments refused to authorize an arrest. And next afternoon the agents had to endure the ordeal of watching Nelson meet Ivanov on the grounds of the St. Francis Hospital in San Francisco and hand him the formula.

This information was considered so important by the Russians that the third secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Washington, Vassili Zubilin, flew to San Francisco and rewarded Nelson with a substantial cash bonus.

As Nelson continued his successful activities, aided by Weinberg and others, the CIC and FBI agents kept our Government informed *day by day*. The agents, denied the authority to make arrests, pleaded for au-

thority to discharge Weinberg, Bohm, Lomanitz, and others from the Radiation Laboratory. But this authority, too, was not forthcoming: Russia was our great friend and ally, and the pro-Communists in our State and Justice Departments refused to interfere with the conspirators.

On July 1, 1944, Dr. Martin David Kamen, a chemist at the Radiation Laboratory, was observed by CIC officers in conversation with Gregory Kheifets and Gregory Casperov, Soviet vice consuls. The meeting took place in a restaurant, and, according to the testimony of the intelligence officers, Kamen divulged classified information to the Russians.

In August, 1943, according to sworn testimony, a meeting was held in the home of Dr. Weinberg in Berkeley. In attendance were Bernadette Doyle, secretary to Steve Nelson, Nelson, Lomanitz, Irving David Fox, David Bohm, and Ken Max Manfred, formerly known as Max Bernard Friedman. All of these persons, with the exception of Doyle and Nelson, were then employes of the Radiation Laboratory and working on the atomic project. Witnesses before the House Committee have identified all of them as being members of the Communist Party.

NO ACTIONS against any of this group were taken by the United States Government between 1943 and 1948. After the war Nelson settled down as chairman of the Communist Party in Western Pennsylvania. Doctor Weinberg found a safe haven as an assistant professor of physics at the University of Minnesota. Doctor Bohm stayed on at the Radiation Laboratory in Berkeley until 1946, then after a brief stint as a research assistant in the university's physics department, in February 1947 took his talents to a professorial post at Princeton. Lomanitz batted around from California to Cornell until 1948, when he obtained a year's respite teaching physics at Fisk University in Nashville. A word raised against any of them — or against Frank Oppenheimer — was denounced as persecution by such journals as *The Washington Post* and *Time Magazine*.

On September 10, 1948, Lieutenant General Leslie R. Groves, former head of the Manhattan Project, told the House Committee on Un-American Activities:

"I have no hesitancy in saying that there was continued and persistent and well-organized espionage against the United States and particularly against the atom bomb project by a for-

eign power with which we were not at war, and its misguided and traitorous domestic sympathizers."

On September 28, 1948, the House Committee reported:

These facts have been clearly established by the committee to date:

1. During the war, diplomatic representatives of the Russian Government in the United States organized and directed several espionage groups made up of American Communists for the purpose of obtaining secret information concerning the development of the atomic bomb.

2. These espionage groups were successful in placing some of their members in highly strategic positions in various atomic bomb installations where they had access to the most secret and confidential information.

3. These groups were successful in obtaining and transmitting secret information concerning the atomic bomb to diplomatic representatives and espionage agents of the Russian Government.

In September, 1948, the House Committee recommended that Nelson be prosecuted under the Espionage Act of 1917, as well as for contempt of Congress. The Department of Justice declined to take action.

On August 10, 1950, Nelson was asked before the House Committee: "In the event of war between the United States and Russia, to which country would you owe your allegiance and loyalty?"

"I refuse to answer," he said.

This was his unqualified reply.

After the House cited Nelson for contempt, his offices were raided in Pittsburgh, and he was arrested for violating Pennsylvania's 1939 anti-sedition laws. In court on September 2 he denounced the judge as a "damned liar," in spite of which his bail was reduced from \$100,000 to \$10,000, and this was posted by the Communist Party.

On December 4, 1950, Nelson, along with his Berkeley pals, Lomanitz, Bohm, and Fox, was indicted by a Federal Grand Jury for contempt of Congress in refusing to answer questions. Three days later he was taken into custody in Washington, where he pleaded innocent and was released on \$1500 bail.

On December 23, 1950, Matthew Cvetic, an undercover investigator for the FBI, testified before the House Committee that he was present when Nelson told Party members that the United States was "our enemy" and Joe Stalin "our leader."

All efforts to prosecute Dr.

Weinberg have thus far proved unavailing. As a result of the conflict in testimony before the House Committee, the Committee reported: "It is the opinion of the Committee that Joseph Weinberg made untruthful statements upon the three occasions he appeared before us." The House Committee recommended that he be prosecuted for perjury, but thus far the Department of Justice has taken no action. Last December 20, the House Committee reopened a secret investigation of the "Scientist X" (as Weinberg was known) atom spy case. Two former communist witnesses, David Hawkins and Kenneth May, denied any knowledge that Weinberg was a communist or that a communist cell had existed in the Radiation Laboratory. Eight days later, on December 28, a Federal Grand Jury resumed its own investigation of the "Scientist X" spy case. To date, however, nothing has come of these efforts, and Doctor Weinberg is still meeting his classes in physics at the University of Minnesota.

David Bohm has not fared quite so well. As a result of the grand jury indictment on December 4, he was arrested that night in his home in Princeton. He was released on \$1500 bail, but was suspended by the uni-

versity from teaching and all other duties. Meanwhile his appeal of January 3, 1951, to a Federal judge in Washington to dismiss the contempt charges against him has been neither granted nor denied.

The youngest of these three former fellow students and conspirators, Giovanni Rossi Lomanitz, has continued his communist activities openly and actively since the days when he organized the small secret cell in the Radiation Laboratory in Berkeley. After testifying before the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1949, he joined a construction gang. Shortly afterward he was arrested in the far southwest by the local police for disturbing the peace, namely, holding a communist camp meeting. Subsequently when several newspapermen sought him out for an interview, he climbed a flagpole and stayed aloft in silence until

the reporters left. He was again in trouble with the law in December 1950. Arrested in Oklahoma City following the grand jury indictment for contempt, he was unable to produce the \$1500 bail, and thus had to put up with a brief sojourn in jail. He joined his old friend Dave Bohm in the January 3 appeal for dismissal of contempt charges. No further action has been taken against him. He is still free to roam the country holding more camp meetings if he likes for the cause.

* * *

Taken altogether it is a sorry story of the administration of justice, or even ordinary precaution, in times that can rightly be considered catastrophic. In all the history of governments, there is probably no parallel to this conduct by the Government of the United States.

Note: In subsequent installments THE MERCURY will report all the ascertainable facts about atomic espionage in the United States. A full-length book on the subject will be published in September.

Notes
from a

PRIVATE EYE

BY JAMES BARKER

MY OFFICE tells me I'll be off to Miami next week and I like the idea fine. I don't yet know who I'll be tailing but that's not an important detail. What appeals to me is the getting back to Miami for a spell. Miami's a place where, as a shadowman for a New York detective agency, I'm completely at home. I don't mean that I have a lot of friends there; my particular line doesn't allow for that. It's simply that I've got the general layout of Miami down very pat and can be pretty

relaxed there. The same holds for any of the old-timers at our agency. They all know their way around Miami and the reason is that our agency is the kind of outfit that deals mostly with the kind of people who spend a lot of their time at beach resorts. In short, they are people with plenty of money, as are the people they hire us to tail. Which means that the trail frequently leads to the resorts, to Miami — a circumstance that is perfectly all right with those of us who do the shadowing.

The office hasn't told me how I'll be going to Miami, but I'm hoping the assignment will call for travel by car. I've made the trip South in various ways — by train, by car, and by plane — but going down by car is the way I've always liked best. It makes for a very pleasant few days. It does, that is, if the subject (our word for whoever we're tailing) isn't in any hurry. And usually he (or she) isn't; usually the subject, like myself, has nothing very oppressive on his mind. The chances are he's headed toward Miami for extra-marital reasons. (More than fifty per-cent of our agency's business is divorce and custody stuff.) En route, he has nothing special in view, so he dawdles. As a result, it is a pleased and well-rested shadow who even-

tually rolls into Miami.

I make a point of this — the restful few days I'm anticipating — because I don't get too many of them. I know that Hollywood tells quite a different story; according to the fabulously paid dreamers out there, a shadowman is almost always at rest — most often in a hotel lobby. Hollywood has it just about half right. We do spend much of our time hanging around here and there, but we benefit very little from the loitering. The reason is that we're nearly always in a pretty anxious state and what we fear is that the subject will escape us. (Incidentally, I've never known a shadow to use the movie expression "give us the slip.") This makes, literally, for poor digestion.

The occupational disease of shadowmen happens to be ulcers. I think it's understandable; following people is, after all, our livelihood and to lose whomever we're tailing means to do a poor job. And that can mean — if it happens often enough — no job at all. So we look forward to trips like the one I've got coming up. It's fairly easy to keep track of someone on U. S. I. Especially when you know where he's headed. A lot easier, for example, than in Manhattan, where there are an awful lot of

traffic lights, an awful lot of taxis, and an awful lot of places — bars, restaurants, office buildings — that have more than one entrance.

There'll be two of us making the Miami trip — this is the standard arrangement. All good agencies put two men on a job of any size. Sometimes, if the job seems to call for it, they put on a mixed pair, a male and a female agent. This is supposed to make for better results, and I'm not prepared to say that it never does. What it most certainly does make for, and pretty often at that, is romance — shadows being for the most part fairly young people. I must admit, though, that I've never heard of a marriage between a male and a female shadow.

In any case, I don't expect romance to be a feature of this trip. The job doesn't call for a woman shadow, which means that my working partner will be a fellow agent. I don't know who he'll be, but I do know what he'll look like. He'll look like myself. Like me, he'll be of average size and, also like me, he'll be dressed in a manner calculated to make you forget him. He'll be in his middle thirties. He will have gotten into investigative work by way of the Army, where during the last war he did counter-intelligence work.

In short, my companion will be the standard type investigator, a fellow of whom it might be said that you wouldn't know him anywhere.

THAT WILL BE all right with me. A week or two spent in the company of such a fellow, though it may not be very exciting, will at least be a lot less boring than the same period spent in the company of one of the misfits who very often finds his way into investigative work. I've been on jobs with the misfits and I know. They come straight from the movies. They come to the job with high expectations and higher blood pressure. It's murder they're after and when they learn that divorce, rather than murder, is the shadow's daily business — then they run away from the job. I don't know where they go, but it's always been my guess that they drift back into the double-feature houses, where they originated. The only thing they ever leave behind them (they aren't regretted by the regulars at an agency, believe me), is what attracted them to investigative work in the first place — those precious credentials identifying them as private investigators.

And those credentials are quite valuable. You don't get

them just by asking for them. They're not forthcoming until your agency, if it's a reliable one, has had a chance to run your name through the national police files. It had better not come out with a felony attached; if it does, they drop you like a hot potato.

The pre-credencial shake-down usually takes about three months, which can be a long, long time for whoever is sweating it out. I know it was for me. There were times during that period when I wondered if I really wanted to be a private investigator that badly. One of these times, I remember, was while I idled one day outside a Manhattan apartment house directly opposite a bank. (I was already on the job, incidentally; most agencies send you out on small assignments pending their investigation of your right to credentials.) What happened then was that I, who was shadowing, suddenly realized that I, too, was being shadowed — and with a vengeance.

To be exact, I was being shadowed by five people: two police detectives, a brace of uniformed police in a patrol car, and a bank guard. The shadowing went on for about a half-hour and I can't say I cared very much for the sensation. And it might have gone on much longer. The only

thing that ended it was my own embarrassed departure from the scene. I lit out, as gracefully as I could, as soon as I figured out what had happened. It was this: the guard at the bank across the street had noticed my loitering and had called the police, who were gradually coming to the conclusion that I was casing the bank for a hold-up. I didn't wait for them to finish their thinking; I lit out. The moral of the story is that a shadow without his credentials can be a sorry shadow indeed. For the fully accredited shadow, the procedure in a situation like the one I suffered through is routine: you stroll up to the perturbed detective (or bank guard), lay your credentials on the line, swap about forty seconds of small talk, and return to your business. It's as simple as that.

I'll probably tell that story to my companion on the trip South. And in return he'll tell me one just about like it. It's always that way on trips of this sort — hours and hours of stories. Yarning makes for competition, of course, and that means that many of the stories that shadows tell each other are just a little better in the telling than they were in fact. Competition makes, in turn, for the composite story, for the yarn that a number of shadows have had

a hand in and that has picked up a high polish on the way. I don't think this necessarily indicates that shadows as a class take a melodramatic view of things. I'm inclined to put the "boosted" story down to the ancient human desire to please. Whatever the cause, the composite story is a steady feature of private investigating and it's sure to figure in the Miami trip.

I'M READY and loaded. When it comes my turn to take over the story-telling I plan to lead off (slipping quickly over the fact that it didn't exactly happen to me) with the one about the shadow and the "falsies." I think I'll locate it in Savannah — we'll be passing through there. There was this time, I'll say, when I was on this job in Savannah. It was a nice assignment. The subject was a good-looking New York matron, the weather in Savannah was first-class, and so was the hotel where I (and the subject) were staying. My job was to report back to the office on how the lady was spending her time. Her husband had the sly idea that she might not be passing her winter holiday in a manner becoming her marital status. I decided to work as close as possible to the subject. (Shadows usually keep their distance.)

This wasn't too hard to manage. Our hotel of the moment was intent on maintaining its reputation as a gay wintering place and the management bore down heavily on the entertainment. Guests were almost shoved into each other's laps. One of these managerial shoves soon landed me in the subject's immediate circle. There followed a very gay month, a period studded with parties and with — on my part — regular reports to the anxious husband in New York. The tone of these reports was not altogether favorable. Consequently, I was not unduly surprised when the subject suddenly announced to her little circle, of which I was by then a ranking member, that she would be off shortly to the loathed North.

They threw the customary farewell party. I was there of course, and, like everyone else, contributed my bit to the gay farewell speeches, to the giving of ridiculous parting gifts, and to the posing for silly photographs. As far as I was concerned, that was it. A day or two after the subject's departure, I, too, was on my way back to New York. But alas, that was not to be it.

A year or so later I was subpoenaed to show up as a witness at a divorce proceeding, whose

central figure, I noted without surprise, was the lady from Daytona. It seemed that her husband had finally had enough. Summonses of that kind are routine with us and I didn't expect anything special when I appeared in court. The lady's lawyer quickly put an end to my calm. He did it by confronting me with a photograph taken at that farewell party in Daytona. I didn't appear to advantage. Party photography being what it is, I had come out looking not altogether sober. The photograph made me out a roisterer, a man whose word ought to be discounted by sensible people — which was the precise point the lady's lawyer was intent on making with the Court. He was successful and the lady stood off her husband's suit.

My expression in the photograph was a big help to her, but what really wiped out my credibility as a witness against the lady was, even more than my expression, what I happened to be doing at the time the photograph was taken. As the shutter clicked, I was transfixed for the ages in the act of showing off the gay little parting gift I had brought to the party for presentation to the departing lady — a pair of falsies.

As I say, I'm counting on that

story to win points for me in the yarning sweepstakes that's bound to develop between my traveling companion and me. Nevertheless, I'm holding an ace in reserve — just in case my *vis-à-vis* turns out to be unusually deft with the investigative anecdote. This reserve anecdote of mine is also a divorce-spa story and the thing about this one is the fact that it's not a composite job. It really happened, and it happened to me.

To be exact, it happened in Fort Meyers, on the Gulf Coast of Florida. The time, as in the composite story, was midwinter. The subject, however, was not a wayward matron. There was a matron in the case, but this time she was the client and what she wanted to know was what her husband was up to in Fort Meyers in February. He said business. His wife claimed romance. To settle the issue, another shadow and myself, equipped with the customary photographs of the subject, took a night plane to Fort Meyers. In addition to the pictures, we had with us a list of the principal hotels at Fort Meyers. The subject's wife, who had compiled the list (she said she knew the place fairly well), assured us that we would find the subject bunked down at one of them. She was correct. We lo-

cated our man at the second hotel we tried — and by the usual method. That is, we didn't wander into the hotel and inquire if the subject was registered. Nothing so gauche as that.

What a shadow does is to telephone the hotel and ask for someone with a name like the subject's. "Have you a Mr. Werner staying in the hotel?" you inquire. There is a pause while the desk clerk checks the register. Then: "We haven't a Mr. Werner," the clerk says, "But there's a Mr. Wormser here." You say no, you're afraid that's not your man, thank the clerk for his trouble, and hang up. Wormser is, of course, your man. You're ready to go to work.

IN THE FORT MEYERS case, the I name was, let's say, Glynn. For the first two days, all appeared bona fide with Mr. Glynn. He didn't appear to be doing any business, but neither did he seem up to anything irregular. Then came the third day — and a major change in his doings. On that day, he was up early and off to the airport, where he picked up a fair arrival who was clearly not his niece. That was all we needed; we telephoned New York and suggested that Mrs. Glynn fly

down to Fort Meyers for a confrontation. The idea appealed to Mrs. Glynn and the next morning she was on hand. Mr. Glynn, however, was not. He and his friend had made off in the night. My co-worker and I were not amused. Before our eyes rose visions of a contemptuous Mrs. Glynn and an angry home office.

But we had underrated Mrs. Glynn. Informed that the birds had flown, Mrs. Glynn merely nodded and smiled. "Try the Hotel Alhambra," she said, "They'll be there." A telephone call to the Alhambra disclosed that Mrs. Glynn had never been more right; the "Glynns" were on hand. Our next move was to make plans for a midnight raid at the Alhambra, after first learning from Mrs. Glynn that she wasn't exactly psychic; she had known her husband would be at the Alhambra, she explained, because it was to the Alhambra that he had always taken her before they were married.

The raid is the one feature of shadowing that most agents don't care for. I know I'm one who doesn't like it. For one thing, it's a fairly sordid bit of business. Only a semi-degenerate could actually relish the experience of bursting into strange bedrooms. For another

thing, raiding can be dangerous; there's always the possibility that the trapped husband will have a gun and will use it. Or he may be moved to throw things — shoes, lamps, ash trays. For my part, I've never been shot at, but I've been cut up by some heavy ash trays. In general, however, the only thing the cornered husbands fling at us are curses, which usually come at us fastest when the subject notes that he and his surprised amorata are being photographed.

In the case of Mr. Glynn, his wife assured us that he would be the cursing type, and again she proved correct. Mr. Glynn swore furiously, but the last word in the confrontation, despite his shouts, went to Mrs. Glynn. Herewith her memorable exit line, delivered to the man with whom she had herself once shared an occasional illicit bower in the Hotel Alhambra: "Creature of habit!"

The chances are that Mr. Glynn never learned how our party managed to get into his room. Few victims of a raid ever do. Well, it's not done by magic; it's usually done by cash. Take the case of Mr. Glynn. We gained entree to his room by the simple and direct method of paying a bellhop at the Alhambra to give us a pass key.

The transaction involved a bit of decor, of course; our story to the bellhop was that Mr. Glynn was a honeymooning brother whom we wanted to surprise. The bellhop probably didn't believe the story, but it provided him, in the event of any consequent unpleasantness, with a winsome alibi for his part in the raid.

This is not to say that all bellhops are corrupt. On the contrary, a surprising number of them shy away from anything that looks like the set-up for a raid. An unapproachable hotel staff can throw a monkey wrench into the best laid private investigative plans. Under such conditions, a raid can become a pretty difficult operation. The by-word then becomes ingenuity.

It would be nice to say that this — a situation demanding a display of ingenuity — is the very thing private investigators hanker after. But no. To the professional shadow, ingenuity is a haunt, a bogey that fore-shadows a botched job. When he gets into a spot like this, the private investigator not infrequently flees. The bellhops refuse to cooperate? Very well — we'll back off and wait for another opportunity, for a more accommodating hotel.

There are times, nonetheless,

when we take the plunge, when we try to do Hollywood proud. Thus, a raiding party (and this is straight from the movies) sometimes sets up a raid by luring the misbehaving subject to the door of his bedroom on the pretext of delivering a telegram. The success of this blatant device usually depends on the number of detective movies the subject has seen and on the time of night when the raid is attempted; before midnight, the subject usually catches on and suggests that the alleged telegram be slipped under the door. Then there is a bolder method, one that applies only to Florida, where most hotel rooms have light secondary wicker doors. This method involves what might be called the approach supremely direct — lifting the latch on the wicker door. It's a simple enough operation, and we use it a good deal, despite its troubling resemblance to a felony known as breaking and entering. Indeed, maybe that's just what it amounts to. I know I wouldn't want to argue that the latch-lifting we do absolutely isn't breaking and entering. Let's just say it's a moot point.

For that matter, perhaps private investigating is itself a moot point. Admittedly, there's something not very nice, some-

thing sort of illegal, about it. What it comes to, at a minimum, is the invasion of privacy. But we aren't moralists, we shadows. We're people earning a living, and the ethics of private investigating is something we give very little thought to. We're much more concerned with the aspects of our job that really count. The pay, for example. Private investigators spend hour after loitering hour discussing their pay — almost as much time, I think, as they spend yarning.

WE'RE PAID by the hour. To be honest, we get, in Manhattan, twelve dollars for an eight-hour day. On the face of it, not very exciting money. It sounds more interesting, however, when one adds to it an agent's daily expense account, which usually raises the eight-hour take to eighteen or twenty dollars. The next question is, of course: How many eight-hour days does the average shadow put in per month? Very briefly — not enough, and that's what most of our pay talk is about.

As it happens, I'm one of those who do get enough work. I do because I'm an old-timer at our agency. There are six or seven of us in that happy category. The rest — and there are

about twenty of them — are part-timers who sit at home waiting for the agency to ring them up and send them out on a job. Sometimes the phone rings frequently and sometimes it's silent for days and days. I've always noted, though, that in most cases the telephone rings just often enough to keep the shadow from straying to other employment. Apparently the work has just enough bite and attraction to hold most of them; apparently they prefer grouching about their situation to pushing off into something more stable.

Take the agency I work for. Until recently, the practice there had been for those of us who didn't happen to be on a job to spend our time idling about the premises. The agency preferred us to be on the spot — so much so, in fact, that a room had been set aside for us to wait around in. But that's a thing of the past now. Now we wait out our assignments in our homes. The atmosphere in the waiting room grew to be just too damned nasty. The bickering over assignments got so ferocious that our efficiency was on the decline.

It'll be interesting to get my traveling companion's slant on the waiting room situation. And I'll be interested, too, to

hear what he has to say about woman shadows, which is another subject we'll be sure to get going on. For my part, I'm for the ladies, and I've never had any trouble holding my own in a set-to with one of the many agents who thinks the ladies should be bounced out of the investigating field. Their arguments are always the same. They point out that the ladies are too dependent on powder rooms, which is true. And it's also a fact, as they insist, that a loitering woman shadow attracts much more attention than a loitering man. Nevertheless, there remains the fact that the ladies deliver. This is especially true in industrial cases — and we're getting more and more industrial cases these days. To break a case of this sort — a situation, let's say, involving internal theft — the best and surest method is to plant a woman shadow in the infected factory. Usually, the lady needs no more than a week to identify the thief. So my answer to my traveling companion is: Vive woman shadows!

But maybe I'm being premature; perhaps my co-worker will turn out to see eye to eye with me on the subject of woman investigators, as well

as on most of the other controversial aspects of our work. In that case, we'll have a wonderfully smooth and non-abrasive trip. Which means that the subject of our tailing, whoever he may prove to be, will be in for very tight and cautious shadowing.

We'll be careful to change our license plates, for example, and we may even go so far as to periodically alter minor items on our car, such as the headlamps and the grill. The same will be true of our behavior in Miami. Once there, we'll do everything possible to avoid being "made," which is our word for being spotted by the subject. We'll be conscientious about changing our suits. We'll be careful to have always with us the prescribed casual-appearing newspaper or magazine. Both of us will work constantly — one on each side of the street. We'll be careful never to violate the primary rule for shadowing on buses and streetcars — never sit directly opposite the subject. In sum, we might very well give this fellow a very close looking over. If he's up to anything, he'd better hope that my co-worker and I get to hating each other by the time we hit Trenton.

WAR BONDS:

More Delusions of Security

BY CHRISTOPHER BLISS

THERE IS something ironic about the present government of the United States urging us to be thrifty. It is like an Old Soak delivering a temperance lecture. This is the same government which has devoted twenty years to cutting every little lifetime savings in half; and which, by its policies, has rendered thrift rather pointless if, indeed, not suspect.

Now, from the pages of newspapers and magazines, bright, soap-scrubbed faces are advising us to be thrifty and buy war bonds so that in the future we can eat beefsteak, own a new tractor, take our ease on beaches, and send Little Willie to college. This sort of advertising may be proper for reactionary old institutions like banks and insurance companies, but is it proper for a great, progressive government for which Mr. Harold Ickes once explained: Government

spending don't mean nothing; we're just taking money out of one pocket and putting it into another?

Exactly ten years ago this government began selling war bonds. And the clever soap salesmen of the New Deal decided that something new should be added to the sales pitch. The bonds for the First War were sold on patriotism: **HELP YOUR UNCLE SAM MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY.** But so much cynicism had been injected by 1941 that the salesmen decided to lure us with "the selfish point of view."

Here are samples from the *farm announcements* of 1941:

"A growing nest egg of savings is a fine thing for everyone to have. You can add that room onto the house after the war is over. Or you can get that tractor you want. Or maybe you will

want to send your boy and girl off to school. Start saving for all of those things. Put your money into Defense Bonds. At the end of ten years they are worth one third *more* than you paid for them. So — from a *selfish point of view* — forgetting patriotism — isn't it wise to invest in Defense Savings Bonds?"

"Your money will be waiting for you when the emergency is ended and your investment will repay you doubly by saving your paying higher prices now and returning more dollars to you later on.

"When the emergency is over and *prices come down*, you can use these savings to advantage. Here's a thrifty way of showing your patriotism."

"Good bargains, these investments . . . returning to you after ten years increased by as much as 33 1/3 per cent!"

And from the *payroll savings announcements*:

"To millions of Americans War Bonds represent the opportunity to enjoy better living: new homes, automobiles, household conveniences, education, travel, and security from sudden misfortunes.

"Think what this plan can do for you! Here is the safe, sure, automatic way to do what

every man dreams of: accumulate money to buy a home or farm, to put a child through college, to travel, to spend your old age in the peace and comfort that comes only with financial independence.

"Buy war bonds and you can have security, independence, leisure, travel . . . that house . . . that farm . . . that summer place of your dreams . . . a college education for your child. An average year at a university costs \$500 to \$1000 . . . a business for yourself."

ALL THAT A soap salesman thinks a Common Man dreams about — all this was poured through the microphones by the oleaginous pitchmen. *A bandleader announcement*: "Friends, here's a money-making, war-winning proposition!"

On July 17, 1945, the Secretary of the Treasury declared: "The most important requirement of the small investor is that the securities he purchases should be absolutely free from risk. *He does not want to gamble with the principal.*"

Well, ten years have passed; the first bonds have matured; and what can the small investor get for his investment? Are his bonds worth *one-third more* than he paid for them? Can he buy the automobile, the summer

place, the college education because he made a smart, profitable investment?

It is true that the citizen who invested \$75 in 1941 can now redeem his bond for \$100, but is this all that the Government promised? Read the advertisements again. The Government promised a *money-making proposition* . . . an *increase* in value . . . a reward to the *smart* investor for waiting ten years to spend his money.

The disillusioning fact is that the *smart* investor who loaned his Government \$75 in 1941 can now get back, in purchasing power, only \$57. He didn't *make* one-third; he lost almost one-third. Contrary to the statement of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Government didn't even safeguard the principal. Moreover, since the bonds are not tax exempt, those who invested in 1941 will pay an income tax — at the higher 1951 rates — on the ephemeral \$25 "profit."

Here is what happened to the war bond dollar between 1940 and 1950:

<i>Dollar Value of Bond with Interest</i>	<i>Purchasing Power of Same Dollars</i>
1940 \$75.00	\$75.00
1941 76.00	70.89
1942 77.00	65.75
1943 79.00	63.83
1945 83.00	65.15
1946 86.00	63.46

1947	90.00	58.50
1948	94.00	57.43
1949	98.00	60.66
1950	100.00	57.00

The bond salesmen in 1941 talked about buying new furniture "when prices come down" with war-bond profits. The three-piece solid maple living room suite sold by Sears Roebuck in 1941 for \$52.95 is now on sale for \$121.85.

The bond salesmen said that you could send your boy to college for "\$500 to \$1000." The World Almanac for 1950 quotes these representative costs of attending college:

Boston Univ.....	\$1500
Brown.....	1650
Texas.....	1350
Wisconsin.....	1800
Virginia.....	1555

The bond salesmen in 1941 said that if you were "smart" and invested in war bonds you could buy a home after the war. But building materials have gone up 232 per cent; and the brick-layer who received \$1.40 an hour in 1941 for laying 1200 bricks a day now receives \$3.25 an hour for laying 400 bricks a day.

As for beefsteak, war bond investors were supposed to be able to eat it every day by 1951. But here is what happened to steak,

along with coffee to drink with it and butter to spread on it:

	May 1941	Jan. 1951
Round steak lb..	.37	.97
Coffee lb.....	.22	.86
Sugar 5 lbs.....	.28	.50
Butter lb.....	.41	.79

Can't you hear those Band Leader Announcements of the Treasury Department in 1942: "Friends, here's a money-making proposition! Get smart! Get rich! Buy war bonds and retire to Palm Beach on the profits!"

The "smart" course in 1942 was explained by Mr. Edwin Pauley, the California oil and New Deal financier, when he was questioned about his activities in the commodity market. He pointed out that he had to protect his family and his fortune by putting his money into commodities which were spiraling upward. He didn't advise anybody to buy war bonds.

Instead of buying bonds to buy a house in 1941, wouldn't it have been "smarter" to start payments on the house? Instead of buying bonds in 1942 to insure a diet of beefsteak in your old age, wouldn't it have been "smarter" to have bought a deep freeze and a ton of steak?

THIS is not to say that Americans should not buy war bonds. We obviously must buy

them. What is questioned is the right of a government of free men to employ the tactics of a patent medicine vendor. It may be proper for a totalitarian government to practice deception, but a free government should explain the realities of inflation to its citizen-investors. We spend millions on pamphlets to educate our people on the dangers of the common cold and the boll weevil, so is it too much to ask that we distribute one pamphlet explaining that money invested in bonds today will be worth *less*, not *more*, when the bond is redeemed?

There is evidence that, despite the propaganda, the people are learning the truth. Since June 1950 redemptions have exceeded purchases of E-bonds by \$475 millions. In November, while our soldiers were dying in Korea, E-bond redemptions exceeded sales by \$72 millions.

This probably indicates a revolt against government dishonesty rather than a shirking of responsibility. This government, composed generally of small-bore men who believe that the people must always be bribed, has sold its bonds "from the selfish point of view" as a way to make money. The people now understand that you can't profit by buying bonds, so they are buying something else.

If the bond salesmen want a remedy, it was suggested to them in 1943 by Kate Smith. On the opening day of the Third War Loan Drive Miss Smith, who has sold mountains of merchandise in her day, devoted eighteen consecutive hours to appeals over the Columbia Broadcasting System. In all her sixty-four broadcasts she refused to say a word about bonds being a good investment. She appealed only to the patriotism and good sense of the American people, and she sold \$39 million worth of bonds in one day.

A man in uniform who had been a banker wrote to Miss Smith: "As a banker I appreciate the basis on which you have asked me to buy a bond. I am buying it because I want a share in what we are fighting for."

A mother of three children wrote from a town in Virginia: "My husband and I are proud we can help, even though it is so little."

The cheapjohn soap salesmen who are writing the ads for the Treasury Department have failed. Selling bonds from "the selfish point of view," they can't even keep pace with redemptions. So if the Third War for democracy is to be financed, our government would better adopt a more honest sales policy, fire the soap salesmen, and turn to the Kate Smiths. For the real strength of this country is still spiritual, not material; and one good rendition of *Dixie* or *God Bless America* can still raise more money than a false advertisement on how to get rich out of our wars.

Oh, it was delicious. Absolutely delicious. These three Fascists were driving slowly along the road below us. They had the top down. It was really lovely. We saved the driver for last. I shot the one on the right. Guilio shot the one in the middle. Andrea got the driver in the back of the head. He was hunching over the wheel and beginning to speed up when Andrea got him. Then the car swerved and smashed into the embankment. Oh, you should have seen it.

— C. B.



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

A LETTER FROM BUENOS AIRES

BY ERNESTO SÁBATO

ONE OF THE most admirable traits of the average North American is his good faith, a quality which gives us a feeling of guilt when we answer his often ingenuous questions in a mocking, ambiguous vein, which is a Latin failing. On my return from the United States not too long ago there was a girl on the boat who told me she was passionately interested in the gauchos, and asked me all manner of questions about them, what they were like, how they lived, their love-life . . . I perversely told her the cliché things she wanted to hear. When, a month later, I met her again in Buenos Aires she was furious with me and completely disappointed in that infernal combination of Milan, Paris, Naples, Madrid and New York which is the city

of Buenos Aires with its five million inhabitants.

To be sure, this girl did not represent the educated North American by any manner of means; but she was fairly typical of the average citizen, the man in the street for whom the mention of Argentina calls up vague images of gauchos and, probably, Mexican sombreros. Alas, we can offer no such exotic and delightful reality.

And, as though it were not bad enough to defraud this average man in the field of reality, we rudely defraud him with our literature. Out of politeness, we would like to provide him with literary gauchos, at least. But these are as hard to find as the flesh and blood variety. The result is that we begin to have a kind of guilt complex about not

rounding up cattle. It brings a blush to our cheek, as though we had been caught committing a crime, to have our American friend run into us in the subway. It makes us feel as though we had no right to be struggling with psychological or metaphysical problems, the same as the inhabitants of Paris or New York. But what can we do? I should be delighted to live on a ranch, raise cattle, ride horseback, and strum a guitar at twilight. But this is a privilege enjoyed by very few in my country.

Because, even though it seems a contradiction in terms, ours is a country that is geographically rural but, from the point of view of population, urban: limitless pampas that are practically uninhabited, and disproportionately large cities. Stop and think that Argentina has seventeen million inhabitants of which five million live in Buenos Aires.

The gaucho has become a yearning for the past and a symbol, too, of our nationalists who, surrounded by Jews, Poles, Italians, and Spaniards, dream of an Argentine Never-Never Land, of thoroughbred Argentínians, who drink only maté tea. Some time back these few but noisy home-grown Nazis paraded the streets of Buenos Aires shouting: "Maté, yes; whiskey, no", upholding the dubious theory that

liberals are great whiskey drinkers. I do not know what queer connection may exist between thirst and politics. I myself drink maté and dance the tango, yet I am not an admirer of Hitler nor do I feel duty-bound to write about the emotions or the horses of hypothetical gauchos.

Is Argentina a totalitarian country? In one of his essays, the great Spanish philosopher, Ortega y Gasset, who lived among us for a while, says that our motto is "Mind your own business." Suppose, let us say, there is an argument or an altercation of some sort between a bus-driver and a passenger. The average Argentinian looks on with ironic detachment and remains aloof. And if the police take a hand in the matter and try to find a witness, nobody has seen anything, nobody was there, nobody heard a word.

There is more than a grain of truth in Ortega's unflattering characterization. The average Argentinian employs a kind of philosophic monism, always seeing the pro and the con of every fact which makes it hard for him to find motives strong enough to justify a positive attitude.

All this is very Italian — there is a strong Italian stamp on our country. When, in 1947, I was in Italy, I realized that the thing that most closely resembled our

present political regime was the fascism of Mussolini. Let us make no mistake: this latter system was not totalitarian after the manner of the German or Russian systems where every nook and corner of the physical or spiritual existence of the nation is controlled by the state and the secret police, where the slightest transgression means imprisonment or death, where a definite *Weltanschauung* dominates science, arts, politics and behavior.

No, here in Argentina everything is fairly easy-going and elastic. I am not in a concentration camp, nor am I dead, and yet I am openly anti-Perón. I lost my teaching job, but I can publish my books and write for certain newspapers and magazines. The great majority of the people here are fairly indifferent politically. Many of them are for

Perón because they believe in his social measures; others, because he is the government, and they are willing to accept him because they want jobs or business concessions; others are simply *not against* Perón because they are state employes and don't want to lose their jobs on some trumped-up excuse. Because, of course, one rarely loses his job simply because he is anti-Perón, just as a publishing house or a small theatre is never closed on that account: they are shut down because their sanitary arrangements fail to comply with the municipal code.

Besides, this is the land of the *gauchada*, that is to say of the friendly act above or behind (generally behind) the law or political differences. Though even in this things are always taken a little lightly. You North Americans, it seems to me, take friendship more seriously than we do, more literally, more ingenuously. With us the word *amigo* is so broad that it covers practically everything, and in the end means nothing. At first glance it would seem that this is the country where friendship comes most easily, but, at heart, an Argentinian rarely gives himself to a *real* friendship; he is reserved, cautious.

When I was in the United

Ernesto Sábato, a native Argentinian, is considered to be one of the outstanding South American writers. THE OUTSIDER, his recent novel, was quite a success in the original Spanish and was well received in the United States when it was brought out by Knopf last year. In France the book was praised by Albert Camus and Roger Caillois, who published it in the Nouvelle Revue Française. Sábato became involved in politics when hardly more than a boy, and at nineteen he was temporarily exiled from his country.

States it seemed to me that when anyone asked me to come to see him he meant it and really expected me to show up. If some day one of you visit our country, don't take most of the invitations you receive too seriously, for they are just formulas. And the less the person is interested in seeing you, the more effusive will his invitation be.

HOW CAN YOU have a totalitarian state with a psychology of this sort? Totalitarianism demands a wide-eyed, candid fanaticism that a normal, healthy Argentinian simply does not possess. Have you read the *Diary* of Ciano? Have you read *Kaput*, by that shameless Malaparte? If you have, you can see why Italy never could produce anything resembling Nazism, and why, for similar reasons, a totalitarian regime can never be set up in our country. We are realists, fiercely individualistic.

Perhaps, when all is said and done, it boils down to that, *individualism*; a trait inherited, with certain differences, from our Italian and Spanish forbears who made this country. Our ego is surrounded by a three-fold wall, behind which the individual is absolute monarch, for better and for worse. For better, because this indomitable individualism will never permit the

effective setting up of a totalitarian regime. For worse, because it stands in the way of that spirit of cooperative action which has been the foundation of the greatness of the Germanic and Anglo-Saxon nations.

In the United States a man I was riding with stopped his car late at night and in the open country at a red traffic signal. An Argentinian would never have done that. He would have said that a traffic signal was fine when there was *really* danger; but if he could plainly see there was no danger, why pay any attention to the red light? We never take a law or an ordinance at its face value: we interpret it. Every Argentinian is an expert in the theory of the law. But the truth of the matter is that he never limits himself to interpreting the law: he interprets it in his favor, that is to say, he violates it. He adduces this or that reason, but the real one is because (as the old Spanish saying goes) "it is his royal pleasure," a concept which makes every subject the King's equal.

Buenos Aires is, of all the cities I have seen, the one with the worst traffic conditions, and this is because the pedestrian invariably does "his royal pleasure." Any mayor of Buenos Aires who has attempted to regulate traffic has become the most

ignominious cropper. Some time ago there was one who made up his mind to put an end to this state of anarchy, and as he was an army man, he made it a question of honor (it is a well-known fact that the military have the exclusive rights on honor). He decided to proceed slowly, a street at a time, part of a street, one corner: he stationed four policemen at this corner to supervise the observance of the ordinance. It was such an entertaining sight that the people of Buenos Aires gathered there by the hundreds, as though it were a side-show, and the result was that this corner turned into the worst traffic snarl in the city.

I think the mayor resigned and things went back to normal: the pedestrian of Buenos Aires continued as fractious as before, crossing the streets whenever and however it was "his royal pleasure," eyes skinned and with the agility of a bull-fighter, in splendid isolation.

The ambitious mayor was toppled from power by the force of irony. Here the great enemy is the laugh, the jeer, the wise-crack. An Argentinian would rather die than be made ridiculous (our variation on the inferiority complex). When Mayor Mariano de Vedia gave the order to erect the "tallest obelisk in the world" beneath

which were to be buried hundreds of thousands of pesos (not all of them went under the obelisk), the comeback of the *porteños* was that we had the tallest and the *most expensive* obelisk in the world. When he ordered the construction of the Avenue 9 de Julio, 140 metres wide, announcing that it would be the broadest avenue in the world, when the work came to a halt a short time afterwards, the *porteños* remarked that we had the widest and the *shortest* avenue in the world.

It is only the totalitarian minorities that lack a sense of humor: nazis and communists.

The active Nationalists number 126 or perhaps 127, but they are extremely virulent. They write with tar on the walls: "Sovereignty or death." The Argentinian is brave and would unquestionably risk his life for his country, as he has done in the past; but he does not indulge in slogans on the subject, — in this we resemble you more than a little — and these phrases on the walls make him smile. This Nationalist movement really began in 1930 with General Uriburu's revolution, which drew its strength from the upper classes, the so-called "nice people." In those days they called themselves "legionnaires" and they paraded in uniform with

truncheons. As the years have gone by they have assumed a variety of names, they have fought among themselves, and have split up ad infinitum. But always, as in Lavoisier's experiments, maintaining their total volume: 126 members. And always under the orders of "Supreme Commands" or "Leaders."

Their work consists of certain fire-breathing newspapers, tar bombs thrown into synagogues and socialist centers, and the promulgation of certain odd slogans such as "Maté, yes, whiskey, no". For although maté was the drink of our

gauchos and, in a certain sense, would fit in nicely with "Sovereignty or death," it is little used by these gilded youths who, when nobody is looking, definitely prefer Scotch and soda.

This blue-blooded and anti-Semitic youth finds itself in a somewhat paradoxical situation at the moment, supporting the government of Perón which is, more than anything else, a government of the masses and which has, among its other supporters, a goodly number of Jews.

As for the communists here, if you have an American "comrade" at hand, ask him about them. They are the same all over.

The Way It Was in Italy

BY CHANDLER BROSSARD

JOSEPH BARTON did not like America. On the boat going over to Italy in the summer of 1947 he kept saying, "Christ, I'll be glad when this boat docks and I can start living again the way I like." Joseph Barton did not like at all the way he had been living lately. He had been back in the States for six months. He was in the army for five years and he had spent the last two of those years in Italy where he attained the rank of major in the quarter-

master corps. He had left Italy six months ago and returned to the States to be demobilized.

His home town Kansas City had not changed since he had been away. It was still necessary, he found, to spend much money on the girls and always to be very attentive and pleasing in order to get anywhere with them. The girls took all this for granted. Joseph Barton did not feel that it was worth it, not for what you got anyway. He had found the service and the food in

restaurants really very bad, and everybody around him was trying very hard to make a lot of money and none of them seemed to be enjoying themselves. His father was anxious for him to settle down in some business. No, it was not worth the trouble to Barton. Absolutely not.

So Barton then bought a new Buick convertible on the black market and took out of the bank all of the money he had saved and repacked his thirteen Italian-tailored suits and was returning to Italy. Italy was where Barton had really lived for the first time in his life. He had had girl friends in Milan, Florence, Bologna, Rome, Naples, Capri, and Venice. They were all of them very attached to him. He did not have to exert himself to get what he wanted. His Italian women were sweet and loving and always very grateful when he did something for them. They did not take things for granted. Barton very much liked having many sweet and loving Italian women. Each of his Italian women believed that she was the only woman Barton had.

Joseph Barton loved everything about the Italian way of life. He had really lived during those two years in Italy when he was an officer in the American Army. He had got magnificent dinners in restaurants for less

than a dollar and a half. The same dinner in the States would have cost him five dollars. He had as an officer been received by members of the Italian nobility. He had eaten dinner in their villas and later slept with the women. The Italians really knew how to live. There was never any rush about anything in Italy. *Dolce far niente*. So Barton was going back to Italy.

Just before the war he had started working as assistant manager of a drug store in Kansas City. There were no very close friendships that Barton was leaving behind in Kansas City. His girl friend had married someone else while he was in Italy. He was now thirty years old and he was growing bald.

His plans were to drive directly to Florence in his new three-thousand-dollar black-market-bought Buick and look around there for a villa. Then he would pick up where he had left off and really live again the way he liked. He had saved quite a bit of money in the army. Maybe eventually he would do some kind of business in Florence. He was not sure. His girl friend from Rome was going to meet him when the boat docked. She would be very helpful with the annoying details of his entering and settling down in Italy. This girl wanted

to marry Barton. He planned to drop her soon.

Two months later I ran into Joseph Barton in Rome. He was sitting alone at a table in a large sidewalk café on the Corso, watching the crowds. He had finished his café espresso. On his forehead was a small white plaster. I asked him about it. "I smashed the Buick up near Genoa," he explained.

It seemed that the Buick had been too clumsy to handle on the narrow Italian roads. It was very nearly impossible to handle in the cities. Barton had to pay two million lire to have the car repaired. Now he was going to try to sell it. This would be difficult. Not many people in Italy could afford or wanted such a large car.

Barton had gone to Florence but he had not been able to find any villas to buy. The war had created a very bad housing shortage. Some of the people he had known so well in Florence had left to live in other cities where it was less difficult to make money in business. Now he was looking for a flat in Rome. He knew he would have to pay a bonus of about four hundred thousand lire for the flat once he found it. Living in Rome was more than twice as expensive as he had thought it would be. He was at the moment

living in a rented room in someone's flat.

Barton had plenty of time so he came to lunch with me. He did not feel like eating much, he said. He had quite a lot of free time these days in Rome and so he had begun to work on a couple of import-export deals. "I could make twenty-five thousand dollars on a sugar deal if these damn little Italian operators would only stop fooling around and sign a contract."

I saw Barton again a month later in Rome. He was going to Milan to see how things were there. He was very angry with a girl friend of his from Florence, a countess. He had made arrangements to have her stay with him for three days in the Hotel Barberini in Rome and at the last minute she had telegraphed saying she could not make it until next week. "She knows what she can do," Barton said.

The operators in Rome had not yet signed the sugar contract so he was thinking of calling the whole deal off. To hell with them, he said. He was still trying to sell the Buick. He was hoping to get a Fiat cheap. This would not be hard to do. There were many Fiats to be had. They are made for the Italian roads. Barton was still with the girl who had met him at the boat.

Three Pleasures of a Young Chinese

A STORY

BY SEYMOUR KRIM

A YOUNG CHINESE had lived all alone for seven years in the great city of New York.

One afternoon in the fall of the seventh year, when he had left his bookkeeping job for the day, the young man hurried home to his furnished room on the West Side as quickly as he could. He entered the tiny room, which reflected his neatness, with a sense of excitement.

He was going out for the

evening. Yes — he padded in slippers to the hall bathroom, bathed, shaved, patted talc on his face with minuet fingers — yes, he would have you know that he (a skip, and he was back in his room) was going out for the evening, tra-la.

He shined his black patent leather shoes briskly — in his underclothes — and then set about the cheerful business of combing hair, arming his way into a snowwhite shirt (why, he almost forgot to remove the paper laundry wrappers!), and, most satisfying of all, belting himself into his freshly cleaned-and-pressed pinstripe suit. A final caress with his hairbrush, a last bon voyage smile to himself in the mirror, and zut! — all he lacked was a carnation.

The night-air met him with a kiss.

As he walked through the streets of the great city, toward his destination, the young Chinese saw (through the lenses of his rimless glasses) a thousand twinkling lights and his ears delighted in the sound of a thousand tootling voices. A spray of green neon welcomed him to the toy-heart of the city and his own heart danced oh! so high.

Inasmuch as he was a solitary young man, the image which his mind had whetted all through the gray bookkeeping day was

at its very keenest when he entered the bar, which was his destination. Once he had passed through the revolving door into the muted room, with its long oaken bar, its laughing clusters of men and women, its soft music which floated down palpably from hidden eaves, the young Chinese felt within his enclosed heart that he did not deserve such pleasure.

Such was his modest happiness that he did not, in fact, hear the hostess, less than two feet from where he stood, hiss at the swarthy headwaiter, "God-dammit, that's your business!" nor, when he found an empty half-backed chair at the bar, and had seated himself, did he hear one of the four pea-jacketed bartenders say to another, "I'm afraid to bend over with *that* guy around."

The young Chinese ordered a dry martini and watched lovingly the scooping of the ice, and the dextrous pouring of the gin (how accurate they were without a measuring glass!), and, when the cocktail glass with an olive as big as an egg was set before him, he silently held his breath while the glass was filled to the very brim with the pale liquid.

He toasted himself silently, for it was his birthday, and the evening that lay exquisitely be-

fore him was his birthday party to himself.

The young Chinese sipped his drink with the deliberateness that was the result of his enclosed life, which had learned to cup and knead small pleasures until it could feed upon them. His tongue was now the servant of this need and it offered up each drop of drink with a grave awareness of how its offering would be received.

As the young man's body and mind began to glow under the warmth of the martini an unfortunate thing happened. A girl sitting in the chair next to his unexpectedly reached out for the peanut dish with her right hand, and jolted his elbow. The drink flew in his lap.

"I'm terribly sorry!" the girl cried out, in all sincerity.

The young Chinese watched helplessly as the stain raced from his crotch to his thigh. He was so surprised that he did not know what to do or say. One hand still held the stem of the emptied cocktail glass, while the other was involuntarily posed in midair, as if awaiting a candid camera.

In an instant he had recovered his poise, and in that instant he was diminished (or so he felt). The stain on his trousers was as accurately placed as any office-wit could hope for and his geni-

tals and thighs squirmed in disheartening wetness.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" whispered the girl who had caused the accident, her voice full of a genuine distress.

The young Chinese smiled at her self-effacingly — was it not a most sensitive and delicate smile? — and assured the girl that, please, she should feel neither apologetic nor guilty. He then accepted a white towel from the bartender and did as best he could with it.

But could a simple towel wipe away what had been spilled? Of course, he might refill his glass — even now the girl's escort was urging him to "let it be my pleasure, Charley" — but it was plain that his small moment of grace was over.

As inconspicuously as he could, the young Chinese paid for the drink and unseated himself from the bar. He then nodded a goodbye to the girl, her escort, and the silent bartender, and walked as proudly as he knew how to the door. A moment later he was received into the absolving darkness of the evening.

No sooner was he upon the street, tucked into the cloak of the darkness, than — sweet moment! — the young man felt return to him what had been taken away in the bar. In isolation had

his vision of the evening's pleasure been founded, and now, isolated once again as he strode through the mysterious darkness, did it return. So joyous was the young Chinese at this turn of events that the sum of his desire (so long mured up and so painfully frustrated but a moment before) broke from his heart — and rushed to embrace the glittering city that lay in the distance before him. Ah, the evening was his after all!

THE YOUNG MAN was in the highest of spirits as he set forth for the next pleasure that awaited him. The small restaurant — for such it was — to which he now hastened was one that he cherished in no common way. The young Chinese had been there only once — (was it five, or was it six years before that his St. Louis uncle had taken him?) — but he had forgotten not a detail of that memorable occasion. How the intimacy, the faultless service, the choice cuisine of the small restaurant glowed imperishably in his mind!

It was with the tremulousness of a lover that the young man came to the doorway of the restaurant. He stood before it, and for a complete minute permitted himself the pleasure of looking. That modest (no, humble!) en-

trance, those four chipped and unprepossessing steps leading down — were they not the signature of a place so rare that even the most tasteful adornment would profane it?

The young man entered the restaurant and presented his coat to the woman in the booth. He then walked forward to the threshold of the dining-room, and beheld the scene which had been so long coveted in his mind. To the young Chinese, each white-covered table and its occupants appeared to be so ideal in both elegance and propriety that the whole seemed not real, but rather a tableau of his own creation.

When the headwaiter acknowledged him with a bow, and stated that there would be "only a ten-minute wait, sir," the young man was pleased to answer with a smile of the utmost consideration. The prospect of waiting for ten minutes in that excellent and well-ordered place would be not at all — (the young man smiled to himself) — not at all difficult.

From his position within the velvet rope the young Chinese could observe at leisure the room which for five years he had visited in memory only. His eye lavished upon each detail of table, lamp and cutlery the fullness of an emotion impossible to

exhaust. So intense was the young man's enjoyment of that subtly appointed room, with its well-bred air and equally well-bred diners — the stunning woman in the red, for example, where else would you see her? — that he was not aware of the passage of time.

It was, in fact, only when he had been rudely jostled by a newly-arrived couple (threading their way to a table, behind the headwaiter!) that the young Chinese awoke from his absorption and saw by the clock that he had been waiting for twenty-five minutes.

A terrible thought, which was not restricted to the young Chinese alone, but had occurred to others of his race who lived in the great city, struck through his mind.

He called to the headwaiter, and when that gentleman appeared, said with restraint:

"I've been waiting for a very long time. Yet those two people who just sat down —"

The headwaiter made no attempt to disguise his feelings. He looked directly, and without expression, into the young man's eyes and answered the uncompleted sentence thus:

"I'm very sorry. It will not be long, sir."

As the young Chinese prepared to reply the headwaiter

turned upon his heel and walked away.

Ten minutes later the young man silently followed the head-waiter to a table in the rear of the restaurant. He then ordered the dinner for which he had no appetite, and, as the courses were served to him, left each plate some three quarters full. Indeed, so abstracted was the young Chinese that when he paid the check (for seven dollars and thirty-eight cents) he did not notice the small white envelope which fell from his pocket and fluttered to the carpeted floor.

He heard the perfunctory "Goodnight, sir," of the head-waiter, but he did not see the man, for his eyes were upon the floor until he reached the door.

ONCE AGAIN did the evening receive the young man, but he found now little comfort in the plenitude of darkness. It was not much he had asked for — a drink, a place to dine. Why, these were the very simplicities of life! Why, then, should they be denied to him, whose being so desired these "simplicities" and asked not for more? — There was no answer forthcoming from the vast and lonely streets through which he walked.

It was with such wistfulness

that the young Chinese made his way to the last destination of the evening. It could not, of course, make up for the disappointments he had already suffered, but the theatre was a pleasure that had never failed him. It was true that he did not go very often — he could not afford it, of course — but did not that very fact give to his rare goings a spice they might otherwise have lacked?

The play for which the young Chinese had bought that most precious ticket a month before was not one of importance (he was sure) but rather one that would give him extreme pleasure. If the truth were known, he was slightly ashamed that he should be such a lover of plays which were adventurous, and romantic, and surely of no consequence whatsoever. But — ah! — was it not also true that nowhere else but in his own mind did he live so vividly as when he saw one of these plays?

It was almost curtain-time when the young man entered the lobby of the theater. Shyly, he slipped through the opened door, and observed handsome men and women flatten their last cigarettes beneath gleaming pumps and high-heeled slippers. As he watched, two taxicabs drew up at the curb and eight excited people hurried into the

lobby. Yes, it was almost time for the play to begin!

The young Chinese, his pulse quickening with each successive moment, joined the line that was now filing into the auditorium. With almost agonizing slowness did the line move forward, and it was very difficult for the young man to restrain his eagerness. He jiggled the coins in his pockets until they made a loud noise.

When the young Chinese was but two steps away from the ticket-collector he reached into the inside pocket of his jacket for the white envelope which contained his ticket. At first, he was puzzled when he could not find the envelope, but the young man was confident that it was either in his wallet or one of the other pockets. He searched all of his clothes but found nothing.

A panic seized the young man.

"Your ticket, please," asked the gentleman in the tuxedo.

The young Chinese stepped quickly out of line, and, as the few people remaining in the lobby watched him, he scanned the rubber-matted floor in desperation. The white envelope, alas, was gone and he did not know (nor was he ever to know) where.

The young man rushed to the box office just as the buzzer sounded and a colored attendant

called: "Curtain going up!"

He looked wide-eyed at the man behind the window and said: "Please, any ticket you have!"

The man, who was bald, shrugged humorously.

"There's not only no more seats," he said, with ungrammatical sympathy, "there's no standing room, neither." The man then pulled a brown shutter down over the box-office window.

For a moment the young Chinese could not believe that what had taken place was real. Then, as dumbly as a sleepwalker, he made his way out of the theatre and on to the street. In the center of the sidewalk he stood, with his lips parted and his eyes vacant of all expression.

As though borne by a wave, the young Chinese was suddenly carried perhaps thirty yards down the street by a crowd of laughing high-school boys and girls. When they had passed on, the young man was left stranded on a corner of the city's great night-time thoroughfare.

The young Chinese looked up into a multitude of lights, and his ears were deafened by a torrent of sound. No longer did the lights appear to twinkle to his eyes, nor did the sound delight his ears. They now seemed to the young man to flash and

scream like demons intent upon proclaiming — no, exulting in! — the smallness and helplessness of human beings.

Who, now silently cried the young Chinese, could touch that inhuman street, or more, scale the city that had bred it? Who could win for himself but a crumb of happiness in this city that seemed to offer every delight and gave one but bile in return? Dear God! was it much he had asked for, to be left like this? — a tiny, humbled thing swept by marching hundreds who were not even aware of his existence.

The young man looked up sadly, and, to his surprise, saw towering above him a uniformed policeman mounted on a great horse. Neither the roar of the traffic, nor the fierce lights, nor the crush of humanity seemed to disturb them in the least.

How valiant and grand they were, how superior to the black night and the terrible city!

As the young Chinese watched with admiration he saw the policeman lean down from his stupendous height and cup his right ear with his hand.

"What's that?" came the policeman's deep voice.

The young man could see that the policeman was attempting to hear the voice of an elderly woman who was calling up to

him.

"I can't hear you," shouted the policeman. He shook his head irritably, and began to climb down from the horse. The policeman reached the ground and stood beside the horse, his hand loosely holding the bit while he spoke to the woman. The young Chinese, who was barely five feet away, heard the policeman say:

"That's correct, lady. Like I say, if you want to go downtown, you take —"

Before the young Chinese had heard another word he leaped the five feet in a stride, and, with his left shoe in the stirrup, hurled himself upon the huge saddle of the horse. As he wrenched up the reins the young man could see the white and frightened face of the policeman, and then he was galloping the great horse up the avenue.

Faster and faster did the young man ride, clasping his trousered legs around the heaving abdomen of the horse. Automobiles either stopped, or drew to the side, to make way for him, and an immense hush fell upon the many hundreds of pedestrians who lined the streets of Broadway and watched him. Upon the face of the young Chinese was a radiant smile, and it seemed to him that the great horse was flying.

THE EDITORS INTRODUCE . . .

NEW YORK CITY, with its ten million harassed occupants, can easily claim the greatest amount of loneliness of any place in the world. The loneliness of New Yorkers has been written about so much that it is almost a literary cliché, but that is because the idea is so often treated without humor or genuine imagination. In "The Three Pleasures of a Young Chinese," we feel, Seymour Krim has dealt with this theme in an unusual way. Readers have become so accustomed to straight realism that fantasy has become a medium for children, or the pulp magazines. This story is a kind of modern fairy tale, a genre that unfortunately is seldom used nowadays in serious fiction.

Seymour Krim is twenty-eight and has been interested in writ-

ing since his high school days. He has lived in New York most of his life. He did leave the city for the University of North Carolina when he was about sixteen, but a year of that was enough for him and he had to return to New York. The place apparently gets you, whether you like it or not. He has published a number of stories in small literary magazines and a great many book reviews. He has been a Talk of the Town reporter for *The New Yorker*, a news writer for the Office of War Information, an editor of Western magazines and a writer of news-reel commentary. At the moment he is laboring for one of the big motion picture companies, in a skyscraper office that looks down upon the neon-lit heart of Broadway.

The Making of a Leatherneck

BY JAMES FINAN

LAST December, when the First U. S. Marine Division started shooting its way back through a ring of Communist armies to reach the Korean coast, two things happened. The Division's commanding general snorted angrily, "Retreat, hell! We're just attacking in a different direction." And in the United States, Marine recruiting officers doubled their staffs to handle a new wave of volunteers.

Somehow, in the training process that lies between embittered but cocky Marine infantrymen on the bloody road to Hamhung, and innocent youths bound for the Marine "Boot Camps" at Parris Island, South

Carolina, or San Diego, Calif., the Marine Corps tattoos on each leatherneck's soul its indelible *esprit de* (U. S. Marine) *corps*. But just what miracle changes average American boys into "the deadliest infantry weapon on earth" is a question that has been argued in beer and in blood since the founding of the Corps at Tun's Tavern, Philadelphia, in 1775. One high-ranking Marine officer suggests that "Probably it's a good thing we don't know how it's done. If we knew we might fiddlebitch and tinker with the process till we ruined it."

But for me the pith of Marine training was summed up last winter, in a shabby recruiting office in downtown Manhattan, by Marine Major Louis H. Wilson, Jr. Wilson, a gaunt six-foot-four Mississippian, with a chestful of medal ribbons topped by the small blue patch with five white stars that denotes the Congressional Medal of Honor, had just warned some twenty-five young men that if they had any reservations about becoming Marines this was the time to speak up.

Wilson waited while the men stood silent. Then he swore them into the Marine Corps. Turning to me he commented, "We don't give an eighteen-year-old kid the idea that he's

going to get something for nothing. Our country wasn't built that way and neither is this Marine Corps. Some day when the chips are down he'd get a rude awakening."

What I saw at Parris Island in the next ten weeks convinced me that Wilson is right.

The boys had a good time on the train that night. But next morning the fun ended. Their car squealed to a standstill at Yemassee, S. C. A corporal in starched khaki swung aboard. He looked scornfully past their heads and roared, "Outside! Don't you people heah me? MOVE!" Instantly the corporal was outside too. "Fall in! *Keep yo' haid 'n eyes to the front, Stupid!* I said, stand theah!"

Each boot obviously felt that he'd spoiled his record already by infuriating the corporal. None of them realized that every recruit must land on Parris Island in utter, crushing defeat.

After an hour's bus ride over the lonely causeway from the mainland they stowed their bags in a shed outside a low wooden building on Kyushu Street. From then on the treatment is pretty rough for the green "Boots." You shuffle into the building, take a sack, put your clothes in it. "HOW do you put your clothes in the sack, you damned Bay-Bee? Take 'em off your

dainty little body, Stupid!" And *move!*

Toss that sack into the steam vault. Next, through that doorway, *quick!* You feel barer than at birth, walking into a mirrored barber-shop stark naked. The barber asks how you part your hair. You explain gratefully, "A little to the left." But his electric clipper moans forward from the nape of your neck over the crown of your skull; two more such passes and your head protrudes in the mirror like a plucked turkey's behind. "Okay, Skinhead. Move! QUICKLY!"

You pass a line of Navy medical corpsmen who delouse you very rudely with spray guns. "Into the showers, you skin-heads. . . . Don't take all day!"

Then damp and rather shame-faced you stand under a sign: DRILL INSTRUCTORS WILL REFRAIN FROM YELLING AT TROOPS DURING CLOTHING ISSUE. Behind the counter a sergeant studies you sourly from feet to shoulders. Suddenly he drapes you with two pairs of boots, eight pairs of socks, two belts and buckles, a canvas sea bag, six drawers and undershirts, three suits of green dungarees. Clutching your nude head with spread fingers as though it were a basketball, he pivots it cautiously on your

neck. You get two dungaree caps and two khaki hats and not once did he look at your face.

OUTSIDE ON Kyushu Street three muscular brutes, the new platoon's Drill Instructors, wait impatiently with their thumbs thrust into canvas-web pistol belts.

"Stand at attention, you damned idiots," the head DI growls. "Can all you people hear me?"

"Yes — Sir!"

"I am Staff Sergeant Keen. These two are Corporals Turner and Stott. We are your DI's. We people are going to snap you people out of your civilian m-larkay, understand?"

"Yes — Sir!"

Keen goes on: "The government pays me just to pamper you screwballs. Which of you wise guys thinks he's tough enough to run this platoon, or wants to interview me outside the barracks tonight to see who gets slapped down to size by who?"

No hands were raised. "You people gonna learn to obey orders?" Keen demanded.

"Yes — Sir!"

Suddenly the DI's powerful left arm glides horizontally past the noses of three startled recruits until his fingers grasp the visor of a fourth man's cap.

"You!" he bellows. One emphatic movement yanks the cap forward and down, hooking it securely under the offender's nose. "Didn't I tell you head 'n eyes to the *front*?"

From inside the cap: "Yuffir!"

"P'toon! . . . Lay-awft, *hubface*! . . . Hey, don't you know your left from your right, you ass? . . . Fob-whrrrd, *bunnnnb*!"

"Awn, hupp, reep . . . reep, faw, y'layawft." To the huskily chanted cadence of the Marine Corps, Keen marched them down Kyushu and through Vera Cruz into Panama Street. As they marched the rhythm took hold of their minds. Each step was an act performed to Keen's command; the boots had no separate responsibility while they obeyed. "You keep one foot under your body at all times. I keep tellin' you which damned foot. That's all I ask," Keen bellowed. "Awn, hupp, reep . . ." Thus, to a throaty sing-song chant, seventy-two men moved from civilian life and fused themselves into a weaving, obedient block marching four abreast at the will of Keen's authority. In ten weeks they would march more than a thousand miles and perform more than two million drilled-in acts of obedience between more challenging forms of commands.

That afternoon they got an

"indoctrination lecture" from their Company Commander, a captain who seemed too youthful for his rank until you noticed the deep furrows around his mouth and the hard lively eyes like a bird of prey. "You people are a godawful collection of stupid animals," the captain began. "But we'll make a semblance of Marines out of you before you leave here. We have a history in this Marine Corps that hasn't had a black mark on it in 175 years. Nobody hands you a tradition like that on a platter. You're going to have to *earn* your right to call yourself a Marine."

"Another thing: we talk Navy lingo here. The floor is the deck, a room is a bay, the toilet is the head. You will scrub those heads every day until they shine. Don't tell me the rust stains won't come off those bowls. I know different — I used to scrub them myself."

By nightfall the platoon had its gear stowed neatly in locker boxes beneath the double-tier bunks. They had learned to salute, and to make their bunks so drum-taut that when a DI slaps a half dollar on a blanket it jumps back into his hand. Keen sent the platoon to bed at ten o'clock. It seemed only a few minutes later that his voice bawled into the darkened squad

bay: "Lights on in there, you bird-brained knuckleheads! Hit the deck!"

Bare heels drummed on the wooden floor. "What time is it?"

"Half past four."

Twenty minutes later they were shivering under the Carolina stars outside a mess hall half a mile away. The prisoners ate a hearty meal, unaware of the agonies ahead.

"Fall forward! Get up! Fall backward! Get up!" You "rest" by running in place, your fists punching the sky. You squat on your heels in the sand, arms folded on your chest like a Russian dancer, and duckwaddle forward, then duckwaddle backward, while your thigh muscles scream with pain. Lie on your belly, grasp your heels, arch your body and rock forward and back. Then bending exercises, then push-ups, then a four-hundred-yard sprint in the deep sand until head, lungs, heart, guts, and feet cry mutiny. Afterward, as the platoon marched dazedly back to barracks, the warehouse-freshness of dungarees was gone. Uniforms were darkened with earth and sweat. The men looked a mite closer to combat Marines. And smouldering in most recruits by now was a slow fuse of resentment that would burst later into pride

when they survived all ordeals.

By the end of the first week each man fondled his M-1 rifle like a nurse holds a prince of the royal blood. And they knew how to march. During rain squalls they sloshed past seagulls afloat on the vast parade ground. In bright weather they sweated and fumed while hard-biting sand fleas reconnoitered their ear channels, prowled into nostrils, flitted maddeningly across their eyeballs.

"You people had *your* chow," Keen warned them one day. "Them sand fleas want theirs. All they need is a little blood."

The men chuckled. By now the platoon was getting "salty." Instead of being crushed by Keen's aggressiveness they were beginning to match it with their own.

EVERYTHING THAT happens to a new platoon happened to them. The boot who dropped his rifle slept on eight of them that night. Gumchewers marched with wads of gum stuck on their noses. The recruit caught eating a candy bar held the oozing mess in his numb "little hand" all day long. "Small boys" who lost locker-box keys wore the duplicate keys sewn to their caps — and kept the caps on their heads when they opened their boxes.

The consequences of not doing what they were told became immediately and painfully obvious.

Before long their faces were bronzed and their shoulders square. Physical Drill had woven a tight corset of muscle under the chest, enabling a man to run, jump, and crawl without knocking himself out. By the third week they had mastered more than seventy hours of school — not alone on technical subjects but on the History and Tradition of the Marine Corps as well.

They learned that Marines made their first landing in the Bahamas in 1776, served as artillerymen in Washington's army, landed against Barbary pirates in the 1800's on the "shores of Tripoli." They learned that ever since sailing-ship days their officers have worn four-looped frogs embroidered on the crowns of their caps — to identify themselves to the sharpshooters perched on the yard-arms above, picking off enemy gun crews.

They learned why only NCO's and commissioned officers wear the broad blood-red stripe on a blue dress uniform pants leg — because it was the officers and non-coms who did the bleeding at Chapultepec in 1847, fighting to the halls of Montezuma. And the recruits began

to realize why NCO's command such respect. It was a Marine sergeant who inspired a literal-minded enemy to christen the Marines "devil dogs," after he lifted his platoon out of the trenches at Belleau Wood with the immortal "Come on, you sons of bitches! Do you want to live forever?"

They learned that 90 per cent of the Corps' seven thousand officers have seen enlisted service, that 98 per cent of all Marine officers and 89 per cent of all enlisted Marines served overseas in World War II. Seventeen of its fifty-two general officers today have been "shot at in every pay grade, from Private to Major General."

And they studied the battles of yesteryear in training films — the forgotten hell of Peleliu where "our champ met their champ," and Marine Corsairs bounced napalm bombs off Bloody Nose Ridge as the First Marine Division locked with the enemy's crack Kwantung Division and reduced it to 301 loin-clad prisoners. The reefs of Tarawa, where for thirty hours wave after wave of Marines waded ashore to what seemed certain death and where the enemy learned that Americans are not afraid to die. And Okinawa, where the Japanese commander committed *bara-kiri*

as a result of "this desperately attacking enemy."

Every morning at dawn the platoon was turned over to the best rifle coaches in the world. The first week of "snapping in" threatens to tear the muscles from a man's skeleton. In the second week they accommodate; the rifle cradles snugly in your bony structure, and the mass of your body added to the mass of the rifle absorbs its recoil. After you've fired every small-bore weapon in the infantryman's arsenal, you stand in a concrete pit with a live grenade in your hand. As you pull its pin you become aware that you are really *on your own*.

Finally, one morning, the men of the platoon stood outside their barracks in full uniform. The Commanding Colonel gave each man his shooting badge — Expert Rifleman, Sharpshooter, or Qualification bar. The Colonel congratulated them on making the grade as Marines. Those ten weeks at Parris Island, he explained, were only the beginning of their training.

Later, at Camp LeJeune, North Carolina, tanks will roll over their foxholes in the "Confidence Course," the men will crawl through barbed wire and lob sputtering charges of TNT into the firing-slots of pill-

boxes; they will advance in the field while Corsairs and Panthers dive and strafe just ahead of them; they will run to evening chow through a half-mile obstacle course that would make old Tarzan quail. But never again will they be treated as boots. Now they are Marines.

"At Parris Island you've been living on the fat of the land at government expense," the Colonel told them. "As Marines you are going to earn your pay. Up to now you've been taking from this country. From now on you are going to give."

Keen walked into the squad bay as they packed their sea

bags. "I'll see you guys in combat, when they let *me* off this goddam Island," he said. "And I'll be proud to have any of you on my fire team."

While they waited for the bus, which would take them over the causeway from Parris Island, up Bataan Street straggled a platoon of recruits. Sharp and cocky in their trim green uniforms, the old hands sauntered past the condemned men and mocked heartlessly: "You'll be sorr-ree!" But later, in the bus, their faces dropped. They asked of each other in real alarm, "Jesus Christ! Who's letting those sad sacks into this Marine Corps?"

I Cried on Saipan

DEAR DAN:

Down there on Parris Island, while you're learning to stand and never bat an eye with the drill instructor screaming all kinds of curses at your ears, it'll be tough for you. But you'll be learning a trick that may damn well save your life some day. That training is designed to teach you to obey orders *instinctively* and to keep you from getting rattled whenever a bullet clips the guy next to you, or when you're getting shelled or bombed.

On July 1 or 2, 1944, when we were just above Tanapag Harbor on Saipan, A Company, Sixth Marines, got seventy-five replacements. They came in late in the day, apparently right off the ship. The new lads were parceled out in an effort to team each one of them with an old hand, and they dug in for the night. I could see them from the battalion OP.

About two hours after dark the Japs opened up. There was a lot of small arms fire, some mortar fire, and a hell of a lot of

machinegun fire. We expected a banzai. This Jap fire had been coming our way for twenty minutes, but with no charge, when the goddamdest ruckus broke out in the A Company position. We could hear guys screaming the way they do when they are hit bad: we could even hear running. Then we could hear terrible shouting and cursing, even blows, and the captain came on the phone and yelled that his "goddam recruits had started to run."

And the poor guys were getting killed in the process. I had watched while they were made to dig their holes, and had heard them told to get the goddam hell into those holes and not to come out unless they were ordered to. Now they had gotten rattled and were jumping out, and I could hear the platoon leaders and sergeants cursing, crying, begging them to stay in the holes.

Well, the Japs never did attack, and as I lay there watching those tracers smacking into those poor fools who wouldn't listen, who wouldn't do what they were told, who wouldn't stay safe in their holes, I cried like hell.

Next morning Graves Registration buried thirty out of those seventy-five guys, and thirty more had to be evacuated as casualties. Only three of the regular A Company guys got it, and they had got it because they had stood up to try to snack those recruits back into their holes.

Later the oldtimers agreed that perhaps the thirty or forty days aboard ship, without discipline, had so loosened the claim of authority on the recruits that, even when their lives depended on it, they couldn't obey a command. I think maybe the fault lay back in Boot Camp. Maybe the DI didn't ride those lads quite hard enough.

So, take it from an old Marine, Dan: learn to obey an order. Learn to do it as instinctively as you bat your eye. You'll live longer if you do.

All the luck in the world,
(but, semper)

MAYNARD

(Note: This is an excerpt from a letter written October 11, 1950, by former Marine Sergeant Maynard Stitt to his brother, C. Daniel Stitt, a Parris Island "boot" who was wondering if the treatment he was getting was really necessary.)



SCLEROSIS OF THE ARTERIES

By CHANDLER BROSSARD

IN A WAY, it is unfortunate that Arthur Koestler's new novel, *The Age of Longing*, has been brought out at the same time that the dramatization of his earlier novel, *Darkness at Noon*, has become so successfully established on Broadway, because the play unavoidably steals a good deal of its thunder. I don't mean that a great many people who have both read and witnessed *Darkness at Noon* won't go ahead and buy this new book, because they undoubtedly will (probably *because* they saw the play). But because these works are both about various aspects of Communism, *The Age of Longing*, being taken up by a reader already groggy from a concentrated dose from *Darkness*, will be read with a certain leftover energy and interest.

At any rate, this is the way it worked with me, and I think I can safely assume that, under these particular circumstances, my mind operates the same as others. However, before anybody goes away thinking the fight is already over, I want to announce quickly that for my money *The Age of Longing*, though it is a less successful book, is a far more interesting and provocative one than its competitor *Darkness*.

Despite its finely sustained intensity and its multiplying perceptivity *Darkness at Noon* struck me, after a re-examination, as being considerably rigged, a spectacular *tour de force*. Neat as anything you would want. And because of its neatness, its being almost completely self-sustaining, it didn't stimulate my own imagination very much. In this sense it was very much like a movie; it satisfied all my needs while I was there but after it was all over I was back where I

started. I was quite passive throughout, partly because everything, all the questions and problems therein, were being solved for me.

The Age of Longing, however, kept me working all the time, character by complicated character, situation by situation, idea by restless idea. And I have no doubt that I'll be working on it, at odd moments here and there, for quite some time to come. This is what makes it, as far as I am concerned, a major book.

It is a book of the mind, a heavily, professionally intellectual book, but it is due to this, I think, that it is not entirely successful — at least on the high level on which it operates. The intellectualism of the book is not matched by its dramatic qualities, a disproportion that prevents it from becoming a really major novel. (Every primarily intellectual novel I can think of offhand has the same basic disproportion-failing. While, ironically enough, the major dramatic novelists are riddled, if you care enough to track them down, with notions and ideas that are intellectually quite inferior.)

Koestler's novel *Arrival and Departure* (1943) and his play *Twilight Bar* (1945) both failed on this very same count. Dramatically speaking, the most

successful of his novels is his first one, *The Gladiators*, written in 1938 and concerned with the doomed attempt of a visionary ex-gladiator to set up an ideal socialized community. It is first-rate historical fiction, and I regard it as a must for serious students of the genre.

But, as I've said, this failing doesn't prevent *The Age of Longing* from being the most interesting novel on the scene right at the moment, when a novel with a thought in it is as hard to find as a clean living baby sitter.

Mr. Koestler herein sardonically concedes the eventual collapse of Europe — and after it all of Western civilization — and the total occupation of it by Russia, or as it is called in the book, the Commonwealth of Freedom-loving People.

"Our whole civilization is affected by sclerosis of the arteries and high blood pressure and hardening of the collective glands," remarks one of the characters, a rich, cultivated old Parisian who is on the verge of dying himself. "We are caught in the trap, members of a doomed civilization, dancers on the darkening stage across which the shadow of Neanderthal is setting. . . . The people of Pompeii were lucky; they did not know beforehand. Take an eye-full . . . before it is too late."

THE NEANDERTHAL man of the new age who is here referred to is synthesized in one Fedya Nikitin, who is attached to the Commonwealth's "cultural mission" in Paris. "Cultural mission" is what Nikitin calls it; actually, it is his sacred duty to the fatherland to put the finger on all of the people in France — and in the other countries he is sent to — who are to be knocked off when the armies of the Freedom-loving People take over the country. These people are naturally those who hold any given society together — the intellectuals, the artists, the group leaders, the bold, the imaginative, the courageous — they are the core of resistance against any menace to its society's well-being.

It is this Nikitin who is the most interesting and originally observed character in Koestler's book. Nikitin is perfectly equipped to be the Neanderthal man. His grandfather quarreled with society and so did his father, both as members of the Russian revolutionary groups, and his own concept of what society should be like is gained by suckling on violence and sabotage as a baby, and later, when he is orphaned, by the incredibly tortured warpings of morality taught in the Communist schools.

He has no conscience, no per-

sonal morality, submerging himself in the morality of the state's politics of the moment. There is absolutely nothing he is not capable of doing, and which he cannot explain, to himself at any rate, with the dreamy logics of practicality taught him in the Russian schools and improved on by his own screwy ingenuity. It is quite possible, to give an example on a more personal level, for him to sexually excite a girl, then abandon her before fornication, just to prove a point about Pavlov's dogs and the infallibility of the conditioned reflex. Now there is a man who will go places.

My only objection to Koestler's handling of Nikitin, or the New Man, is 1) that he limits his habitat to Russia, and 2) that he makes him the product, by and large, of self-conscious political orientation. Granted that Russia is swarming with the species, turned out like seamless inner tubes in a tire factory, and with the same detachment, it is an undersight to believe that they exist only there. I've been observing them for some time right here in New York, in ever increasing numbers, too. They don't have any particular political or religious commitments either, as Nikitin has; in fact, it is just this utter lack of commitments of any kind that

gives them their mobility, a freedom of action to do anything, and makes them an entirely new breed. They are Twentieth Century Man. Compared to them, most of us, straightjacketed as we are by taboos and guilts and sentimental attachments, are living in the Middle Ages.

Koestler takes Nikitin too much for granted — treats him, really, like someone you know all about but are slightly bored by. Hence, he comes off best as an abstraction (coolly and skillfully prepared, of course), lacking what should have been considerable passion, passion felt by the author in his conception and transmitted to the reader. He is simply too complex and ominous a type to treat so smoothly. This is one of the points in the book where the disproportion between the intellectualism and the drama — or passion — is most frustrating.

Koestler becomes his most sardonic and bitter when he arranges to have the liquidation of Nikitin stupidly bungled by an American girl who has had a peculiar somnambulistic affair with him. The girl must certainly symbolize America at the present and also those particular Americans who at one time so enthusiastically allied themselves with the cause of Communism. (She — the American girl Hydie

— liked Nikitin above all men because he could bring her to orgasm, and because he had a Faith, however insane it happened to be. If this isn't the American ex-Communist, I'll stake my grandmother to a two-year analysis.)

"We both know what is waiting for you," she is told by a patriotic Frenchman as they discuss the doomed situation in Europe. "A comfortable airliner when things get hot — and some nostalgic regrets for the sunny cafés on the Champs Élysées. . . . Perhaps one of your fashion magazines will be asking you for a feelingly written article about the last days of France."

THE BEST single section of the book (it seems — and this is a fault — to have been composed of single sections that could be read separately), the most poetically conceived, is that chapter titled "Fatigue of the Synapses", wherein a man who has been an intellectual toady and prostitute for the State, examines the effects of this on his mind. He is trying to live up to his role as a Hero of Culture and Joy of the People by writing some gibberish or other for the State newspapers, but he finds he can no longer pull it off.

"You have difficulties in writ-

ing," a Machiavellian State psychiatrist, whom he has gone to for help, informs him. "These difficulties will increase gradually; soon you will be entirely blocked. Nobody can go on rapping his conscience indefinitely. I use 'conscience' as a shorthand expression, though it isn't my line; what I mean is a given pattern of conditioning. You can go against it for awhile, even for years, but it requires more and more effort, and once the toxic fatigue-products begin to accumulate (in the synapses of the brain) you are done for."

I liked this especially because, while it is certainly true of a good many state-controlled artists in Russia, it is also true, very sadly so in some cases, of many of our own talented, feeling writers who have betrayed themselves in order to shovel in the dough from the various mass media, the movies, radio, television, etc. Odets is one, Fitzgerald another, Steinbeck, Saroyan — add to the list yourself. It's sad, to be sure, but I can't honestly say that I feel sorry for them, as Koestler seems to in a somewhat shy, confused way. After all, nobody made them do it, not even, in this case, the Hero of Culture himself.

The odd implication of this chapter, as I got it, is that in turning out stuff for the State a

lot of these artists and writers are doing something they really don't want to do; they really want to be, and have the talent to be, deeply and honestly creative artists. I can't believe this. From what I can perceive of this breed, they are all second- and third-rate talents who have at last hit on their true vocation. Like their counterparts in this country, they should stay where they are, instead of romantically fleeing, because they're sitting pretty.

Besides the Hero of Culture and Neanderthal Man Nikitin, my next favorite character in the book is the Polish count who becomes so obsessed with killing Stalin that he cracks up just as he has reached the conclusion that he will have to become invisible in order to accomplish this admirable feat of extermination. He combines a ludicrousness and a pathos that bring him very near a Dostoevskian level. But he does not achieve this final distinction — as so very few characters do — because Koestler, once he created him and set him into motion, does not manage to let him operate in a subtle, charged way with any of the other characters in the book. He merely operates in terms of his obsession, his actions never really affect the lives of anyone else in the book. It

seems almost as though Koestler ran out of steam after the quite considerable job of birthing him.

After reading this latest of Koestler's books, I'm now wondering what he'll write about next. (I'm sure he's wondering even more.) My hope is that he

will look through the books he has already written, see for himself that he has now exhausted the subject of political ideology — nobody else should venture near it now — pack up his instruments and a little hardtack, and strike out for new frontiers.

The boy and his father came into the park, the boy holding onto his father's arm. The boy was a mongolian idiot. All the old men were sitting on the benches. When they got close to the old men the boy and his father stopped and the father whispered something to the boy. Then the boy turned and bowed very grandly to the old men. Buono sera, signori, he said very loud, bowing and grandly sweeping his arm down in front of him. He did this three times. Everybody laughed. His father laughed very loud and then he took the boy up to the benches and began introducing him very grandly to the old men. He whispered to him again. The boy bowed and grasped the hand of each old man and kissed it, saying "It is a great pleasure, signor." Everybody laughed very much. The boy too. Then his father whispered to him again. Now the boy began to make monkey faces and to scratch himself like a monkey. Everybody howled. They were having a great time.

— C. B.



OUR MUSICAL SHOWS

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

OUR FREQUENTLY ventilated American boast that we lead the world in the quality of our musical shows has thus far this season taken a severe beating. It may be that the rest of the world in the same period hasn't produced anything much to strut about, but, with a single exception, neither have we produced anything in the past six months to shame or even slightly embarrass it. With that one exception, the shows from

any even halfway critical point of view have been negligible or worse, though a foreigner might not suspect the fact from the enthusiastic notices of even some of the latter by a number of the reviewers for our newspapers, to say nothing of from a public that either sheepwise has followed them or that often goes raptly to almost anything provided only it contains songs, girls, and scenery representing something other than a sitting-room or library.

It is this apparently goat-like and easily impressed public that, in its arbitrary relish of light musical entertainment, obliquely recalls Shaw's long ago remarks on the British "serious" musical public: "The spectacle of the British public listening with its in-churchiest expression to one of the long and heavy fantasies which Brahms calls his symphonies always reminds me of the yokel in *As You Like It* quailing before the big words of the fool. . . . His symphonies are endured at the Richter concerts as sermons are endured, and his *Requiem* is patiently borne only by the corpse."

Parenthetically, those of Shaw's admirers who have been wont to suffer goose-flesh when they are reminded of the reflection on Brahms, may be just a bit reassured by his little

known confession about himself as a music critic, even though it doesn't in the least absolve him of his opinion of the great composer. "I purposely vulgarized musical criticism, which was then refined and academic to the point of being unreadable and often nonsensical. Editors, being mostly ignorant of music, would submit to anything from their music critics, not pretending to understand it. If I occasionally carried to the verge of ribaldry my reaction against the pretentious twaddle and sometimes spiteful cliquishness they tolerated in their ignorance, think of me as heading one of the pioneer columns of what was then called the *New Journalism*; and you will wonder at my politeness."

It is the theatre public's and many of the critics' ignorance of the relative values of even popular music, let alone choreography, and their satisfaction with the second-rate that, among other things, have lowered the estate of our theatrical musical stage and that have understandably brought many of our producers, including even those who may conceivably know better, to give them, very profitably, that second-rate. Rodgers and Hammerstein, along with one or two others, have kept their banners flying,

but the rest, whether intentionally or unintentionally, have accommodately dropped their standards, if they ever had any, and have not been any the worse off practically for doing so. It isn't so much the old cry, "Give them what they want" as "Give them what they'll take."

The exceptional show in the consequent wasteland up to the time of writing is *Gays And Dolls*, created by the Messrs. Swerling and Burrows out of Damon Runyon materials and supplemented by Frank Loesser's tunes and lyrics. Though here once again the music may be mostly on the ordinary side, almost everything else about the exhibit is anything but that. Purely and entirely American — or perhaps Manhattan is the exact term — it is uncommonly fresh, humorous, lively, and engaging pastime, perfectly cast, admirably played, wittily directed, and over-all a credit to our this year's otherwise lacking music show stage. The remarkable thing about it is that what might easily in view of the materials have been a brashly vulgar show is nothing of the kind. Its hoodlums, racketeers, touts, molls and assorted Broadway delicatessen may scarcely emerge as the salt of the earth, but with all their frail-

ties you are made to like them, and sympathize with their various plights, and laugh with them, and even, as heaven is your judge, find them pretty cozy birds. And the remarkable thing about all that in turn is that you, rather than their authors, are yourself largely responsible for any such sentimentalizing of them, since the authors, when sentiment rears its head, hit it with the stuffed clubs of critical humor.

AS AN EXAMPLE of the decline in other directions, take, for example, *Out Of This World*, the latest of what are customarily described as Cole Porter shows. Hitherto, Porter's name, as in the case of the directly antecedent *Kiss Me, Kate*, has usually been associated with sprightly fare, yet on this occasion, assisted by the Messrs. Taylor, Lawrence and Herbert, dullness reigns over the evening. What we are provided with in the way of a book is still another of the numerous versions of the *Amphitryon* legend in which Jupiter transforms himself into the appearance of a mortal woman's husband in order to gain access to the wife's bed-chamber and satisfy his longing for her favors. There is more humor and amusement in fifteen minutes of Giraudoux's treat-

ment of the story in his *Amphitryon* 38, produced here some seasons ago with the Lunts, than in the whole two and one-half hours of its present reincarnation. Nor are Porter's score and lyrics sufficient to instill the necessary added caper in the telling of the tale. A little of the choreography by Hanya Holm is passable and Lemuel Ayers' settings and costumes are quite handsome, but for the rest the impression is of an expensive college show rather than of something that has been filtered through professional fingers.

The book amounts only to one prolonged sex smirk and is wholly empty of wit, substituting for it some of the most blood-curdling gags heard off the television screen. A few samples will be more than enough. "Jupiter is very broad-minded; his mind is mainly on breads," is one. Another consists in a reference to a street in Athens as Spyros Skouras Boulevard. In a third, "Do you want a chaser?" inquires a bartender. "No, I've already got one," replies Juno in reference to her husband. Juno, posing as a photographer, discharges a fourth in asking a male upon whom she has designs, "Do you want to come into the darkroom with me and see what devel-

ops?" And there is, further, a procession of puns involving such horrors as an allusion to Mercury as being "simply divine."

Porter's lyric humor has similarly deserted him. In addition to repeating his old passion for stringing together long lists of familiar names, his invention gets scarcely farther than lines, in a female trio, like "No matter what we think about men, we think about men." To say nothing of lyrics titled "I Sleep Easier Now" in which an elderly woman details her nocturnal physical comforts now that she no longer is occupied with romance and sex. One or two of his songs are acceptable enough, but it takes something more than an occasional clever trick rhyme these days to travel in the company of Oscar Hammerstein.

Among several things in the show that puzzle me a little are a supposedly Grecian dance with the aspect of a Scottish highland fling and another, if I judge correctly, hypothetically indigenous to classic Grecian soil which is a combination Negro cakewalk and New England barn dance.

Call Me Madam, which in turn is what is usually described as an Irving Berlin show, depends almost entirely upon Ethel

Merman's presence in the cast and a few of Berlin's popular tunes for any bubble. The book by the ordinarily humorous Messrs. Lindsay and Crouse, based on the exploits of a female ambassador like the fabulous Perle Mesta, involves, among other rococo sidelines, the romance of the fair princess of a mythical country and a young American and, in its comedy department, relies most heavily (an adverb about which students of semantics surely can't complain) on jokes about Margaret Truman's singing. Miss Merman is on the stage most of the time and, by virtue of sheer strength and will-power, carries the wet ball now and then for short gains, but it's plainly slippery work.

IN THE WAY of revues, we have thus far had three dispensations: *Bless You All*, *Pardon Our French*, and *Peep Show*. The first named, though its sketches are by Arnold Auerbach who has concocted some excellent specimens in past shows, and its tunes and lyrics by Harold Rome who also has done some satisfactory previous jobs, is in the circumstances unbelievably dreary. The sketches, with the exception of one that has to do with the so-called miracle drugs for curing colds, are disastrous,

and even the exception, like so many blackout skits, goes flat at its conclusion. One dealing with the productivity of Southern novelists and their predilection for the sexual aspects of life doesn't wait for the end to be flat; and another, a travesty on *Peter Pan*, the humor of which reposes (a verb about which students of semantics also can't complain) in introducing the P.T.A., is flat before it is even ten seconds old.

Pardon Our French, already defunct, was an Olsen and Johnson antic in the now threadbare Olsen and Johnson tradition and consisted mainly in the customary miscellaneous shooting off of pistols, comments on the contours of the ladies' behinds, inordinate pleasure of the comedians at their own jokes, and skits laid in bedrooms wherein the various lovers of the fair occupant hasten to hide under the bed and in closets when it is feared her husband is approaching.

In *Peep Show*, the comments on the ladies' behinds are dismissed in favor of the behinds themselves. There are forty-eight of them, undraped and positive, placed resolutely on display by the chorus girls. Aside from nudity, the show,

which is made up of skits and wheezes out of the old burlesque exhibits, vouchsafes little in the way of humor save for "Peanuts" Mann's act in which with grim determination he wallops a bass drum under the solemn direction of another comic. It is funny stuff, however otherwise it may sound in print, and it is about the one and only really recreational item of the evening. The ancient burlesque paper-hanging act, in which everybody gets splashed with paste while, on this occasion, a lampoon of T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party* is going on, has moments of low jocosity but is so overextended that laughter vanishes long before it concludes. For the rest, the show is simply a succession of parades by peeled or mostly peeled females.

Such is the Broadway record up to press time. Still to come before the season ends are *Make A Wish*, derived from Ferenc Molnar's *The Good Fairy*; a show based on the novel, *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn*; another derived from Donn Byrne's novel, *Messer Marco Polo*; and the new Rodgers-Hammerstein *The King and I*, culled from the novel, *Anna And The King of Siam*.

Let us pray for the best.

DOWN TO EARTH

Serpents' Teeth

By ALAN DEVOE

A MAN WHO writes about nature is bound to do a good deal of exclamatory praising, of a sort that can easily turn, if he doesn't watch it carefully, into burbling and cooing. This world of ours is very lovely. The earth and its creaturely lives show forth all sorts of charms and sweetnesses. A man contemplating nature can't possibly write about it, with any of that honest-heartedness and contempt for easy jeers that ought to be his mood if he has any business writing at all, without a frequent bursting into praise that is not far distant from prayer. The wild geese go honking and crying down the autumn wind . . . the first hepaticas appear, in their heartbreaking fragility, through the dark leaf-mold of the spring woods . . . a wood-

thrush sings at dusk in a green glen . . . we all know what I mean.

However, if a man really loves his earth and its creatures, and isn't just moved to easy gushes of sentimentalism, I think he finds that some of the earth-things that entrance him aren't at all of the superficially "lovely" kind. A part of the excitement of the earth is its awfulness. The pastel greens and pinks of opening buds in springtime have one kind of beauty, a gentle beauty. Touched to the heart by this suggestion of a clemency at the heart of things, we rightly enough feel in us a tumult of soft hopes and stirrings. We rightly enough speak our praise in soft syllables, as one caressed. But there is also a beauty of another sort to touch us, and to

stir us to a quick spurt of a more direct and fiercer response, when we see a weasel pounce on a screaming rabbit and the rabbit's hot blood spread in a red stain across the snow. A weasel, that lithe form of death, is very beautiful.

To get down to earth is to get close to little snowy-breasted deer-mice, squeaking merrily in a nest as cozy as something in a children's fairy-tale. It is to hear the gentleness of bluebirds' songs, see the delicate moon-green of the wings of a luna moth, and breathe the Arcadian perfumes of spruce-grove and hemlock-grove. But it is also to hear the knife-edged screams of hawks, and watch a hawk dropping from the sky to snap a mouse's spine like a brittle twig. It is to get to know vultures, gobbling and cloppering amid the putrid remains of a dead deer, and to see the scaly-necked birds expressing their anger or alarm by vomiting up a stinking drool of the swallowed putrescence.

A spring morning is very lovely, and spellbinds us. But so too, if our spirits are in balance and we're steady-minded, must we be entranced in another and wilder way when a roaring storm lashes and plucks at the earth, twisting things, smashing things, killing things. A

major excitement of being alive on this earth comes, after all, from the realization that we're not dead. There is the high animal glee of just survival. It is at least as real a nature-pleasure as the pleasure we take from what gentle dreams the songs of bluebirds start.

There are a number of pleasures to be taken from the terrible. The terrible, as such, is not debarred from being beautiful. For this reason it strikes me, now in April, as being a good time for talking about serpents' teeth.

In April a great many lovely earth-events occur — spring birds, spring buddings and bloomings, a whole Easter resurrection. All kinds of creatures now come out of their cold sleep. The calendar-pictures show us some of them, but only the gentle ones, only the harmless. I suggest we look for a while at one of the sterner wonders, the deadlier beauties. There are prowling abroad now, as an important part of the spring company of creatures, a host of rattlesnakes, copperheads, cotton-mouth moccasins. Spring means, among other things, snakes; and, among other snakes, it means venomous snakes. These "crawly creeples" carry in their mouths something very beautiful and dreadful.

They carry an equipment of fangs. It's odd how seldom, even vicariously, we pry open the cold-fleshed mouth of a snake, and undertake to learn how its awful and exquisite machinery works. Suppose we do so now, for a spring celebration.

MOST SNAKES have six rows of teeth. There are two rows in a snake's lower jaw, four rows in its upper. Of these upper teeth, two rows are in the roof of the snake's mouth. If to have a thankless child is sharper than a serpent's tooth, as in Shakespeare's estimate, it must be sharp misery indeed. Snakes' teeth are needle-keen, and what we find especially striking if we look into a snake's mouth is that the teeth are all curved inward. The mouth of a snake is an instrument for engulfment, and to this end it has a fearful perfection. Anything grasped by a snake and subjected to the chewing-motions of its cold jaws is irresistibly worked backward, backward, into the gullet.

These rows of small, sharp curving teeth are the equipment common to harmless snakes. In the case of the venomous reptiles, what has happened is that some of the teeth have lengthened and become specialized as fangs. What were only needles for gripping victims and work-

ing them inward, as a harmless gartersnake or for that matter a thirty-foot python does, have become needles for administering injections.

We're likely to suppose that all poisonous snakes have pretty much the same sort of fangs. They don't. Development into venomousness starts with the back-fanged snakes. In these, one or two pairs of the rear teeth have become lengthened (as rear teeth have started to do in the case, for instance, of harmless water-snakes), and then these rear fangs have developed a groove along their edge. In our back-fanged snakes, a fang is not a hollowed needle, but, rather, a poison-carrying trough with a sharp point. I suppose we could call it a toxiduct. Because these fangs are far back in our snake's mouth, the reptile can't generally sink them into its victim in the first instant of the bite. Rear-fanged snakes, when they bite, hang on. They clamp their jaws and chew. The victim, or the seized fold of the victim's skin, is worked inward until the back-fangs can be plunged into it and the viscous venom, squeezed out of cheek-pouches above the base of the fangs, sent dribbling down the grooves.

In such snakes as cobras, refinement of fangs increases an-

other stage. The snake's jawbone has shortened. Gripping-teeth have been lost to give way to great fangs in the front of the cobra's mouth instead of at the rear. What are only open grooves on the fangs of the back-fanged snakes have been closed over to encase the groove and make the fang a hollow tube. The fangs are now big stationary hypodermics, ready in the instant of the strike to inject jets of paralyzing neurotoxin.

Now, at the end of all perfectings, behold the vipers:

These are by far the most numerous and generously distributed of all the venomous snakes now crawling our earth. These are our rattlesnakes, our cotton-mouth moccasins, our copperheads now extending their banded lengths along fallen tree-trunks to bask in the mild April sun. Here, in these mouths, is a pretty functioning indeed.

The snake's maxillary bone carries nothing, now, but the fangs. And the maxillary is hinged. It joins to head-bones so loosely mobile that when our snake is at rest its fangs can be folded back flat, and when it opens its mouth the fangs can be flung forward in erection. Here is the full beauty of deadliness, the poetry of doom.

Most of us pick up a good many untrue notions about snakes' employment of these superbly adapted, sweetly murderous tools of theirs. Now in April, with copperhead and rattler a-creep again around us, suppose we get rid of some of these mistakes — the ones, at any rate, that would have us underestimate snakes' lovely lethality. We don't want that, when we're taking our joy from the terrible.

Is it true that our snake must coil and strike to bite? No. A snake can plunge its fangs into anything it can reach, with or without preliminary coiling, and with or without the formal gesture of a strike. Is it true then, at least, that the snake is powerless to bite under water? No. Our moccasin, gliding through the creek-murk, can kill a man as effectively as if it had met him out on a stretch of dry ground. Do our poisonous snakes always let us know, by the look of them, that they are poisonous? Do they always show us a broadly triangular head, and a thick body? They offer no such warnings. Most vipers do have that heavy look of squat ugliness; but so do many snakes as harmless as butterflies; and a venomous coral snake is as slim as any dainty little grass-snake that

we take trustingly into our hands. But at least . . . at least . . . does not a rattler always sound a warning buzz before it lashes out at us? It is supposed to, in some books. The living rattler in the field or the berry-patch observes no such punctilio. It can and does often strike without a sound. The heavy head whips forward — hard enough so that the great curved fangs can lance their way through massive boot-leather, and fast enough so that we can see the snake's whole lunge, bite, and recovery to tense readiness only as a split second's blur of motion — and *then*, perhaps, we may hear the dry rasping rattle that lets us know we are in that moment fallen under the shadow of death.

For a last mistake, unjust to

the beautiful destructiveness that lies in our snake's lipless mouth, there is this: Are we sure to vanquish our slithering serpent, and destroy the power of its fangs to harm us, when we kill it and cut off its head? We are not. Touch the severed head, in a gesture of careless triumph, and we may learn about the persistence of reflex. A snake-head, cut off, can bite and kill.

The poetry of earth, it's been observed, is never done. Some of it is a gentle poetry: bird-songs and soft skies. Some of it is a grim poetry. We have a fine opportunity to enjoy this kind, relishing the suave precision of a function perfected to a dreadful end, if on one of these amiable April days we care to have a look into the mouth of a snake.

Under the Bo Tree

A Revaluation of Buddha

By MAX EASTMAN

IMAGES OF BUDDHA are as numerous in many parts of Asia as crucifixes in Christendom, and they command the same reverence. They are rather plump images. To us Buddha seems a little well-fed and complacent for a holy man. We expect the saints to do some agonizing in their search for the inner light. But so did Buddha's friends and those to whom he preached.

Indeed the idea of illumination through suffering reached its peak of popularity in India six hundred years before Christ was born.

Young men, harassed and puzzled by the sorrows in the world, would say a bland farewell to

their families, and "go forth" — or, as we should say, "walk out." They would live in the woods like owls or jackals, their only possession a wooden bowl with which they would come out on the road from time to time and beg a bite to eat. It would be only a morsel, for their idea was that self-mortification, if persisted in, would bring on a moment of ecstatic perception in which the whole secret of the universe would become suddenly clear.

Buddha tried this and decided it was foolish. He had been a prince in a small kingdom, he was twenty-nine years old, married and the father of a baby son,

before he walked out.* He went at midnight without a word to anybody. It was anguish to him — he stood a moment beside the bed on which his wife and child lay sleeping, but turned away. The worldly prince became the prince of ascetics, so zealous in self-mortification that his fame spread abroad "like the sound of a great gong hung up in the sky."

He had five companions in his enterprise, but they were so impressed by his superior gift of application that they mostly just sat around and watched him. One day when he had reduced himself to a faltering skeleton, and had practiced suppressed breathing until he was black in the face, instead of receiving the expected illumination, he was attacked by violent pains and fell in a dead faint. When he came to, he decided that in order to crack the secrets of the universe, you have to keep yourself in fairly good health. You have to adopt a "middle way" between ascetic self-denial and sensual indulgence. To us the surprise is that it took him six years in the woods to get hold of this bit of obvious good sense. But in the religious cul-

ture of India in those days his decision was a blasphemy. Gotama was denounced as a quitter by his five disciples and had to continue his search for the ultimate wisdom alone.

It must be remarked that Gotama's middle way was, from the viewpoint of American morals and dietetics, well to the left of the middle. His chastity was absolute, and his one big meal, taken at noon, consisted of curry and rice, and after that nothing solid — perhaps a little gruel for supper. He thrived on this, however, and became not only the well-filled-out saint of the statues, but an intellectual athlete besides. Indeed Gotama has a place in the history of philosophy as well as of religion. He wrestled with those same ultimate problems of mind and matter, being and becoming, which we think of as first tackled by the ancient Greeks; and he wrestled as sturdily as they.

It is said of Socrates that he stood thinking in a portico all of one night. The same thing is reported of Gotama except that he had the forethought to sit down. He sat under a pipal tree, afterwards called Tree of Knowledge — Bo Tree in Singhalese. That tree has been replanted from its own seeds throughout the ages, and still stands at

* Gotama was his personal name. Buddha, "the Enlightened One," is a title like Messiah, except that there are supposed to have been other Buddhas in the remote past, and there will be still others in the far ages to come.

Buddha Gaya for those who go there with a believing heart.

GOTAMA MADE UP his mind when he sat down under the Bo Tree that he would never get up until he received an illumination. That would prevent most of us from receiving one, but it worked the other way with Gotama. Toward the small hours he fell into a trance in which he beheld with a kind of incandescent clarity the whole intricate concatenation of causes and effects which regulates this misery called life. And he beheld with the same clarity the path of deliverance into bliss.

These mystic experiences are, as a rule, irresistibly convincing to those who undergo them. Gotama, when he got up after his night under the Bo Tree, had no hesitation in proclaiming himself not only Buddha, the "Enlightened," but also Tathāgata, "the Perfect One." He went straight back to the five hermits who had denounced him, and who were still starving themselves in a deer park at Benares. They were far from receptive when they saw him coming.

"Let's show no respect to this renegade," they said, "this convert to self-indulgence. We'll leave a seat for him, but we won't stand up or take his

cloak and bowl."

As the illumined Gotama came nearer, however, they lost their nerve and rushed out in a body to meet him. One took his cloak and bowl; another prepared a seat; a third gave him a footstool and water to wash his feet. And they addressed him by name and called him "Brother."

He answered, with some triumph undoubtedly: "O monks, address not Tathāgata by his name and call him not 'Brother.' Tathāgata, O monks, is the holy and supreme Buddha. Open your ears, O monks! . . . If you walk according to my teaching, you shall in this present life possess that for which noble youths leave home and go into homelessness, that supreme truth which is the aim of all religious effort."

Then Gotama, the Buddha, preached a sermon — probably with one exception the most momentous sermon ever preached. Like the Sermon on the Mount, the Sermon in the Deer Park presented in succinct outline a new way of life. The two ways of life, Christian and Buddhist, are surprisingly similar, though the beliefs they rest on are as wide apart as the poles.

In Buddha's gospel there is no God; prayer has no efficacy; man has no soul; immortality

is a vain notion; there exists no permanent or eternal thing. The old Hindu religion had arrived at the idea of One God, a First Cause beyond or behind the seemingly endless chain of causes and effects; Buddha, though reared in that religion, was not interested in this static Cause. For him there was only the endless chain. The soul or Ego he dismissed as a childish delusion, explaining how it arises much as a modern Behaviorist might. He denounced the craving for immortality in the same breath with the lusts of the flesh. And he accepted with a serene pessimism not unlike that of Ecclesiastes the universality of change and decay. Indeed Buddha's pessimism outdoes that of Ecclesiastes, for his condemnation of life is not negative — not "all is vanity" — but *all is misery*. . . .

I don't know why it is that the East Indians find it natural to regard life as an affliction — whether they lack humor, vital energy, or actually are so much more beset by poverty, disease, and early death. Perhaps if we believed as they do in the monotonously recurring cycle of re-incarnation, we should not find life so brisk an adventure. We conceive ourselves as going somewhere, even though to oblivion. But they are just eternally turn-

ing up again with another body.

At any rate, Buddha's discovery under the Bo Tree was that the cause of our misery is ignorance. We don't know what we're talking about. We talk about selves, and we are always craving satisfactions for something we call self. But there is no self. Selves are merely transitory formations crystallized out of the general flux of things and events. We must cut off and abandon this delusion of selfhood and the ignorant cravings that go with it. And he specified: "Craving for the gratification of the passions, craving for a future life, craving for success in this life." We must learn through liberation of our minds from superstition, through the austere discipline of our wills, and through love, to interflow with the world and be a humble and unhankering part of it. In this lies peace and happiness.

Buddha would have made a good bookkeeper, for he loved to arrange things in neat little lists with numbers attached to them: the four noble truths, the eightfold path of salvation, the ten fetters that hold us back from the path, the seven stages of consciousness, the nine grades of being, the fifteen holy practices, the four

trances of contemplation, etc. It seems a little old-maidish to us; his ten fetters and eightfold path have none of the free-spoken eloquence of the Beatitudes. They might well be re-spoken in that form, however, for *Beatitude and How to Reach It* was the central theme of his teaching.

Blessed are they who *know*, he would begin, and whose knowledge is free from delusion and superstition.

Blessed are they who speak what they know in a kindly, open, and truthful manner.

Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after an end to all hungering and thirsting.

Blessed are they whose conduct is peaceful, honest, and pure.

Blessed are they who earn their living in a way that brings hurt or danger to no living thing.

Blessed are the adequately fed, clothed, bathed, and comfortable, provided they are un-intoxicated and untainted by sensual lust.

Blessed are the tranquil, who have cast out ill-will, pride, self-righteousness, and put in their place love, pity, and sympathy.

Blessed are ye when ye direct your main efforts to self-training and self-control.

Blessed beyond measure,

when by this means ye are unwrapped from the limitations of selfhood altogether.

And blessed, finally, when ye find rapture in contemplating what is deeply and really true about this world and our life in it. (Blessed, so to speak, are the philosophers.)

It is, you see, a rather austere and solemn gospel. You find no "consider the lilies" in the Buddhist scriptures, and only one glimmer of what might be called a humorous smile.* That is where Gotama decides at last, under high pressure from his converted and frantically consecrated foster-mother, to admit women into the Buddhist Order. He turns to his beloved disciple and says:

"Ananda, but for that decision I just made, this religion we are founding might have lasted a thousand years. Now I give it five hundred at the outside!"

Notwithstanding its austerity, Buddhism became in a few centuries the religion of a good half of the human race. It is still adhered to by five or six hundred millions of men. Like all high teachings it has, of course, been vulgarized through the ages to accommodate infantile minds. A large proportion

* An amateurish opinion — those scriptures are twice as long as the Bible, and not all translated yet from the Pali text.

of those who bring flowers to the shrines of Buddha worship this atheist under the impression that he is a god. There are, however, many thoughtful and scholarly people in Asia who believe in the old pure philosophical religion of Buddhism.

Buddha's intense moralism is one of the reasons for this. Although he did not believe in God, he believed in a moral order such as only a just and omnipotent deity could ordain. The universe is not divine, it is not personal, but it is just — it is moral to the last fiber. That was Buddha's atheism. Be as matter-of-fact, as sceptical, pessimistic, cynical even, as you will, but just the same — be good! For no matter what you do with your mind or body, you can not escape the moral law. You can not wriggle out of it either by sophistry or suicide.

BUDDHA REJECTED the practice of priestly rites and sacrifices. He stood like an intellectual rock against mumbo-jumbo. But in that rapt philosophic contemplation of reality which stands at the summit of his eightfold path he provides a kind of substitute for divine communion. It is not prayer, but it is the thing most often successfully prayed for: resigna-

tion. It is a surrender of selfhood leading to an almost superhuman tranquility. Although agreed that life in its crude form is pain and pathos, Buddha's followers become lyrical in extolling the joy of walking out of it along the eightfold path to this tranquility.

That they could attain it without believing a great many things which free minds find it hard to believe is one secret of the success of Buddha's religion. It is the most intellectual religion in the world. It is the most tolerant religion in the world — no priest of Buddha ever persecuted a heretic. And it is the most friendly to science, the most unafraid of doubt.

"Do not believe anything," Buddha said, "on mere hearsay; do not believe traditions because they are old and handed down through many generations; do not believe simply because the written testimony of some ancient sage is shown to you; never believe anything because presumption is in its favor or the custom of many years leads you to regard it as true; do not believe anything on the mere authority of teachers or priests. Whatever, according to your own experience and after thorough investigation, agrees with your reason and is conducive to your own weal and to that of

all other living things, *that* accept as truth and live accordingly."

FOR FORTY-FIVE years after he received his illumination, this genius of love and meditation wandered about in the valley of the Ganges, covering a region about twice the size of Palestine, rising at dawn every morning, walking fifteen to twenty miles a day, keeping himself in perfect trim, teaching all men without recompense, without distinction of sex, color, class, or caste, the way to happiness which he had found. He was no agitator, and was never molested either by the priesthood he opposed or by any ruler. He became so famous and so loved that throngs of people would come out as he approached a town and spread flowers in his path. It need not matter much what his theories about the universe were — its secrets will never be cracked by sitting under a Bo Tree. His real and triumphant aim was to

define accurately and teach all men the noblest and happiest way of living and dying in this present world. To that aim he made as great a contribution as any man has made.

He was eighty years old and still traveling on foot from place to place, dressed in the yellow robes of the Order he had founded, expounding his gospel and helping people to live by it, when the last sickness attacked him. His disciples spread a blanket for him between two trees in a little grove, and he lay down on his right side to die. His parting advice to them was please not to put any pope or captain in his place. Let his teachings be their only leader — an advice which has been followed through the ages. And his last words were at once the most resigned and the most resolute — certainly the most highbrow — ever spoken:

"All compound entities that come into being must cease to be. Work out your own salvation with diligence."

In Our Readers' Opinion

It is reassuring to find an American periodical that is willing to publish an honest critique . . . Dr. Szczerbowski may be somewhat extravagant in his praise, but it does those of us who believe in honesty, even among critics, immense service to have him show up certain small critics who ought to and probably do know better . . .

REV. THOMAS F. OPIE, D.D.
GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

I have just finished reading the critique on "The Voice of Margaret Truman" by a Doktor Putzi Szczerbowski. I have never read anything so absurd in my life. Who in hell does the "Doktor" think he is kidding, or is he fishing for a job in Washington?

JOHN T. SACKETT
MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Regarding your critique "The Voice of Margaret Truman" in the February MERCURY:

Jonathan Swift lives again! Congratulations.

ROSINE I. BUCHER, JOHN R. BUCHER
PITCAIRN, PENNSYLVANIA

The height of bad taste and cruelty was reached in the current issue with the supposedly clever critique on Margaret Truman's voice. I cannot imagine a more uncalled-for and offensive contribution.

I wish THE NEW AMERICAN MERCURY a short life.

MRS. J. L. MIDDLETON
CORNWALL BRIDGE, CONNECTICUT

I have been reading H. L. Mencken since 1917, believe it or not. I hope he will be well enough to have his nurse read him all that you have said and put in this issue, for I am sure it will give him a keen desire to recover.

MAY EDEN
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

In Our Readers' Opinion

The whole magazine is most excellent, but — *can you possibly keep it up?* Somehow I doubt it. It's too damned good to buy. Enclosed is my year's subscription. At this rate, I wouldn't miss a copy for anything. Seldom, very seldom, do I read a magazine from cover to cover — but I sure have #1 and #2 of this one.

E. VAN NOSTRAND
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

The best thing that could happen to Mamie Stover is that she gather up her yellow hair, long legs, and high-hung breasts and jump out the nearest porthole. Before the next issue, that is.

MRS. MARIE KOCH
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

You've succeeded in doing what you apparently set out to do; shocked your reader with more revolting *dirt* than I'm accustomed to. I hope you'll soon work through this unpleasant phase and come up for clean fresh air in our wholesome American atmosphere (except in certain slums of course).

HERBERT LEE, B.A. London University, M.A.
University of California
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

Your article, "Untold Facts in the Korean Disaster," took marvelous guts. Don't let anything stop your crusade, if you can help it! I have notified fifty friends.

L. H. ANDERSON
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Give us more such splendid and enlightening articles as Forrestal (Dec.), Stalin's Bible (Jan.), and Korean Disaster (Feb.) and add plenty of exposés of the rottenness in our present government.

MAX MATTES
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

You are to be congratulated upon having "Alan Devoe on Hunting," even though you knew that some folks were not going to like it, most especially the manufacturers and retailers of guns and shells.

I have known the grief of having birds and animals that were my pets wander off my fenced and protected sanctuary, only to be shot dead, dead, off my own land. And when I hear the *bang! bang!* from guns, instead of being able to wander freely on my own land, I have to hasten into my brick house.

MRS. ATHOS MENABONI
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

I have just finished James Monroe Madison's article and have placed him somewhere between Drew Pearson and Tommy Manville in my category of Men-who-can-be-done-without.

Being the daughter of a naval officer, I have met most of the admirals who served abroad in World War II. I know their "fat" wives and have grown up with their "tweedy" daughters. I would like to hear their comments. Too, it might be enlightening to listen to the voices from the grave — the withering remarks of Mr. Madison's illustrious namesakes!

(MISS) KATHLEEN BRIGGS
BREMERTON, WASHINGTON

In a society where chaos is regent, honest writing is rarely published and truth remains a pariah among the sanctimonious. I am happy to salute THE NEW AMERICAN MERCURY on the basis of the premises you have set forth, even if it doesn't get past the tenth issue. Perhaps fifty years from now, someone will unearth a copy dutifully entered in the back number files and say to himself: "Well, here was someone who tried."

WILLIAM ENGELHARDT
TEHUANTEPEC, MEXICO

Masterpieces of Fraud

By ANDRÉ EMMERICH

THE LATE Dr. Wilhelm Bode, the famous director of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, once declared that Rembrandt in his lifetime had painted seven hundred canvases, of which ten thousand are in America. Yet this same celebrated authority bought a terra-cotta bust of "Flora" for his museum, which he ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci and hailed as a great find, revealing entirely new aspects of that great genius. Sometime afterwards, however, a junior assistant at the museum discovered that the bust was a fraud when he found some strips of newspaper mixed in with the supposedly sixteenth century terra-cotta.

But this was not the first time, nor will it be the last, that even an outstanding expert was taken in by a clever forgery. In 1937, the Treasury Department

prepared a still unpublished report on the free importation of antiques into the United States. From 1906 until 1937, the importation of antiques reached the stupendous total of \$640,665,302. The Treasury Department declares that the estimated value of pictures and statuary entitled to free entry as antiques might be \$160,000,000 while "the balance of the nearly half billion dollars should be considered in the light of a statement by the outstanding English authority, Mr. Herbert Cescinsky, to the effect that 80 per cent of the antiques sold in the English market are fakes. Mr. Cescinsky's statement holds good for all foreign antiques."

An example of this is the case of the imported Corots. Already during the painter's lifetime no fewer than twenty-seven thousand paintings by him were

entered at the port of New York — more paintings than the master could have executed in a century had he worked twenty-four hours a day.

But art forging is nothing very new in the history of art. It must be as old as art itself. The ancient Romans are known to have forged "Greek" statues. Albrecht Dürer once sued an Italian by the name of Marc Antonio for having faked some Dürer engravings and palmed them off as originals. Today, ironically, the Marc Antonio forgeries have become so valuable that there are forgeries of the forgeries.

The great Michelangelo himself made a little extra money as a boy by making "antique" statues and burying them among the ruins of Rome. Discovering them at suitable moments, Michelangelo then sold them at a handsome price. The younger David Teniers ran a flourishing business forging Titians, though later he became a famous painter in his own right, and in turn one of the most favored subjects of forgeries. An unknown painter of the eighteenth century painted many of the superb flower still-lives of "Jan van Huysum," and it is improbable that all three portraits of Pope Julius II by Raphael are originals.

Our own times have seen a number of spectacular forgeries. Perhaps the most spectacular of these was the case of the forged Vermeers. It came to light when the Dutch arrested as a suspected German collaborator one Hans van Meegeren, for having frequently been seen in the company of Goering, and having grown altogether too rich for a patriotic Dutchman during the German occupation. While in prison, van Meegeren declared that he was innocent of collaboration. He had made his fortune, he said, by forging six "Vermeers" and two "Pieter de Hooghs" and palming them off to the gullible Goering, and even to the highly respectable Museum Boymans in Rotterdam.

At first he was almost literally laughed out of court. Europe's foremost experts had hailed and approved the Rotterdam Vermeer when it was discovered in 1938, and the mere statement of a suspected collaborator would not prove them wrong. Van Meegeren then demanded that his house be searched, where an old chair and an earthenware pitcher might be found — two objects he had used as models in the famous "Christ at Emmaus" in Rotterdam. The objects were found, but the authorities were

still unconvinced. It might have been just coincidence. Van Meegeren then demanded canvas, paints and brushes and promptly painted still another Vermeer in his cell, thus proving his contention. Having demonstrated his innocence of collaboration, and incidentally embarrassed many a learned art historian, van Meegeren was released from jail but was sued immediately for \$1,130,000 back taxes and \$1,130,000 damages by the once-enthusiastic purchasers of his works.

Another dramatic revelation recently occurred in Paris. The police had discovered a signed Vlaminck, worth a very great deal, in the attic room of an arrested pickpocket. They were baffled when the thief stoutly insisted that the painting was not stolen but a gift to him from a friend, and decided to investigate. Tracing the matter down to its source, they found a woman painter who readily admitted having forged this "Vlaminck" and a score of other "Vlamincks" and "Utrillos" as well. She maintained that they weren't really forgeries at all, because in her opinion these paintings — and the paintings they imitated — were not art at all. The only painters she respected, it appeared, were the old masters. To her, contempo-

rary art was unworthy of the name, and forging it no crime. So successful were her imitations that when the police confronted Utrillo with some of her paintings, the artist admitted having a hard time convincing himself that he had not painted some of them himself.

VAN MEEGEREN is a happy exception among forgers. For only rarely does the profit of forgeries reach the artist, and it does require a true artist to produce even imitated masterworks that stand up against the critical evaluation of the connoisseurs, to create the patina of time and the flavor of a past age. The full profits of the transactions are pocketed by the unscrupulous employer, the suave middleman, and in many instances it is he who is the true forger. Sometimes even the exploited artist is the one who exposes him.

Such a middleman was Giuseppe Freppa, a Florentine antiquary. He heard of a struggling young sculptor by the name of Bastianini, who had done some copying of medieval fireplaces. A flat relief of the Holy Family that Bastianini had made was so good that experts ascribed it to Verocchio and it was bought by a famous museum. Freppa decided to exploit these extraordinary talents. Paying Bastianini

only the pittance of fifty lire, Freppa bought a bust the sculptor had made of Benvenuti, the sixteenth century Florentine poet. On behalf of the Louvre, Count Nieuwerkerque paid 13,600 gold francs for this bust, and enthusiastically carried it to Paris. There it was exhibited, flanked by works of Michelangelo and Cellini, and created a sensation. When the rumor started that the bust was a fake, Count Nieuwerkerque offered fifteen thousand francs to anyone who could duplicate it. Bastianini appeared on the scene, and while he never won the money, he proved that his model had been an Italian factory hand by the name of Giuseppe Bonajuti.

America, too, can boast its own crop of artistic forgers, though as yet there has been no cause célèbre about a native one. Outside of Philadelphia, it has been reliably stated, there flourishes a factory of "Frederick Remingtons", the popular painter and illustrator of Indians and the Wild West.

On a more limited basis is the all too frequent custom of retouching eighteenth and nineteenth century portraits to look like famous contemporaries — doctoring the portrait of an innocent colonial planter to look like Thomas Jefferson, "correct-

ing" a country lawyer of the 1850s to resemble Lincoln.

The forger whose work took in more American institutions than that of any other was Alceo Dossena. Originally a restorer of art works, Dossena learned the techniques of the old masters and the imitation of the patina of time in the course of his work. After his discharge from the Italian Army in 1919, however, he found no employment as a restorer. Capitalizing on his experience, he turned to creative art, naturally using the styles and techniques he was familiar with. But when this, too, proved economically unsuccessful he was forced to make a living carrying out the orders of art dealers. Yet he never consciously committed fraud, being told simply to produce works for churches in the Pisan and Siennese style.

Dossena received an annual salary, intermittently paid, of \$1300, on which he could live but not in too comfortable circumstances. Meanwhile, his employers made three million dollars off his works. His "Athena" was purchased by the Cleveland Museum for \$120,000, a "15th Century Tomb" was attributed to Mino da Fiesole and acquired by the Boston Museum. An "Archaic Greek" statue of Dossenas passed into the collection

of the Metropolitan Museum. His truly fine work exhibited the ravages of the tooth of time and the spirit of the age, and it was hailed by all the experts. The fraud was revealed only when Dossena sued his employers for back payments on his meager salary. He had never even known of the success of his work and the true prices it brought till he read of it in the newspapers. The trial exonerated him, but his magnificent creations were thrown into discard. Thirty-nine of his once priceless works were knocked down for the pitiful total of \$9,125.

Yet thousands of art lovers saw and were profoundly moved by Dossena's sculpture or van Meegeren's paintings. I myself have seen but few paintings that impressed and affected me as strongly as van Meegeren's "Christ at Emmaus." These works, however, are now regarded as pretending to be something they are not — though for years they took in all the world's experts — and therefore are nearly valueless. Still the magnetism of their beauty remains. It makes one marvel at the existing relationship between price, beauty, and "authenticity" in art.

The Revolt of Mamie Stover

Part III
of a New Novel

William Bradford Huie

Mamie Stover, a six-foot-tall, yellow-headed girl from the Mississippi Delta, won a beauty contest in 1937 and went to Hollywood as a "starlet." She failed, was finally beaten up by a drunken actor, and on a night in May, 1939, I met her aboard a freighter on the way to Hawaii. She had decided that her only remaining chance to make "big money" was to enter Bertha Parchman's brothel in Honolulu. I offered to pay her way back to the Mainland, but she went with Bertha, and a year later she had accumulated \$20,000. I again urged her to leave, but she thought she could get rich in the approaching war if she could also find a way to invest in property. Under the regulations for prostitutes in Hawaii in 1940, Mamie could not own property — nor could she

THE ISLANDS OF Hawaii were captured on December 7, 1941. They were not captured by the Japanese; they were captured by traveling men from the Mainland.

Traveling men had been powerful in Hawaii since the beginning of the Development. They had challenged the authority of the Anglo home folks more than once, as in 1850 when sailors rioted against the prohibition of fornication in the streets. But from 1850 to 1941 the Anglo home folks had been able to control the whores and the traveling men; they had been able to run Hawaii like the Anglo hilltoppers wanted it run; they had been able to maintain the line of demarcation between traveling men and home folks. On December 7, 1941, however, the traveling men dethroned the Anglo pioneers, seized control, and ran Hawaii to suit the traveling men for three years.

These particular traveling men were of the Army of the United

own an automobile, maintain a residence outside the brothel, marry a service man, swim at Waikiki, etc. With the aid of a lawyer, however, she formed a corporation — New Deal Enterprises, Inc. — and this corporation began systematic investment of Mamie's earnings.

States. They assumed authority legally and perhaps properly. They marched under the Stars-and-Stripes and served the brave purposes of freedom. But whatever uniform they wear, whatever flag they march under, whatever brave purposes they serve, traveling men all share at least one characteristic — they just naturally don't give a goddam about the home folks in whose gardens they bivouac. And this is particularly true of war's traveling men.

Wherever war's traveling men bivouac they are going to fornicate in the streets; they are going to steal your wine and get drunk and shout their filthy little war words into the night; they are going to trample down your roses, kick out your windows, spit on your floors, clog your plumbing, and break down your fences. War's traveling men just don't give a goddam.

War's typical traveling man may behave decently in his own home town. He may be a good individual, a responsible member of a family and a community. But in an army he is uniform, he is away from home, he is adventuring, he doesn't give a goddam. There are exceptions, but the exceptions can't change the generality. Uniforms make men uniformly bad; armies reduce men to the lowest common

denominator.

Many Americans re-learned this old truth about war's traveling men during the Second War. Norfolk and Williamsburg, Biloxi and Hattiesburg, Seattle and San Diego — many Americans learned what it means to be overrun by the traveling men. But no Americans suffered from war's traveling men like the Americans in Honolulu.

WHEN THE traveling men of 1941 seized control of Hawaii, their first action was to raise the Stars-and-Stripes over Bertha Parchman's whorehouse.

They re-hung the nudes in Bertha's reception room and made way for a gigantic picture of the President of the United States.

They decreed a New Deal for the whores.

They banished Officer Pistol Adkins and his Vice Squad from the segregated district and announced that henceforth Honolulu's harlotry would be ordered, not by the guardians of the home folks, but by the military police of the traveling men.

They banished the civilian doctors, cut off their \$50,000 a year, and set army doctors to guarding the health of the whores and the traveling men.

They froze the rents, and thus

prevented the old Anglo pioneers from sharing excess war profits.

They interposed themselves between the madams and the old civilian Powers, for why should madams any longer pay good money to old, helpless, deposed, defunct and reactionary Powers?

In short, the traveling men emancipated Honolulu's whores from provincial exploitation. No longer were the whores to be regulated and exploited by the local fascists; they were now *fonctionnaires*, as it were, of the Government of the United States.

Naturally, all this national regulation made the whores feel patriotic. It nurtured their egos. They cheered at the flag-raising ceremony, tried to sing *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and recited the Pledge of Allegiance. They applauded lustily when Major Eldon P. Sumac, AUS, explained the New Deal to them and welcomed them into the crusade for a better world.

Then, abruptly, Major Sumac challenged their patriotism.

"Now that you have been liberated from your old masters," he said, "your Government feels that, as a patriotic gesture to the fighting men, you should reduce your basic charge from five dollars to three. The

three dollars should be a Special GI Rate and should be divided two dollars for the girl and one for the madam."

There was a gasp from the girls and a long, low wail from the madams. No respectable five-dollar woman likes to be summarily reduced to a three-dollar status. Not even to serve patriotic ends. To comply with this Government request without taking a loss each girl would have to increase her operations by at least one-third and the madams would have to double over-all operations.

But the major was persuasive. "There are many angles to this proposition," he explained. "You are going to have more business than you can take care of. The fighting men will be lined up at your houses from eleven a. m. until nine p. m. — and, human nature being what it is, there'll be considerable after-curfew business. The only limit on the volume of any girl will be her own endurance. And who's providing this business for you? The United States Government. You'll have no advertising costs; no sales costs. The girls won't have to pay any doctors — the American taxpayer will pay your doctors. The madams won't have to pay any cops — the American taxpayer will furnish all the

MP's you need. Your rent's be-
ing frozen. Everything you take
in will be profit.

"And here's another angle,"
the major continued. "Every-
body else is going to do some-
thing for the GI's — give 'em a
special rate or something. All
the railroads gonna give the
GI's a break. Dining cars will
have a Special GI Plate. And the
movie houses — nobody's
gonna expect the man who is
fighting for his country to pay
the same rate as goddam civil-
ians. You don't want to be dif-
ferent, do you? And here's what
you can do? When a railroad
serves a GI the Special GI
Lunch, hell, the goddam waiters
don't give him all the fancy
service they give civilians. Hell,
no! They just bring it all out
on one plate and throw it at
him. Every GI gets the same
quick deal. Well, you can cut
corners the same way."

The major's arguments were
cogent, but what won the day
for the Government was the
fact that his arguments were
backed by the threat of force.
The Special GI Rate of three
dollars was adopted for the
duration. The madams bowed
to the will of Washington, and
next day they called in the car-
penters and began moving out
the furniture, boarding up win-
dows, cutting out partitions,

preparing for the storm — like
the Hotel New Yorker does be-
fore the American Legion con-
vention, or like Cunard did
when it converted the *Queen
Mary* from civilian to GI serv-
ice.

THE PERSON most appalled
by all this, of course, was
Mamie Stover — because she
was a ten-dollar woman. It's
the unusual talent who suffers
most from the levelings of war
and New Deals. The boy who is
making thirty dollars a week
sacrifices little when he is
drafted into Government serv-
ice; it's the young man with a
business of his own who takes
the loss. The pre-war five-dollar
whores who had netted only
\$2.50 an operation were being
asked by their Government to
sacrifice very little. But Mamie
Stover had been netting \$6.50
an operation, \$195 a day for
thirty operations; and now she
wanted to increase this so that
she could pour more dollars into
her mushrooming corporation.

Yet to get \$200 a day at the
Special GI Rate Mamie would
have to perform a hundred op-
erations — an appalling pros-
pect even for so determined an
operator as Mamie.

She went to Major Sumac,
showed him this formidable
arithmetic, and appealed to his

sense of fair play. When the five-dollar girls were sacrificing so little, was it fair to ask the ten-dollar girls to sacrifice so much? Hadn't the President himself agreed, with Henry Wallace and Leon Henderson, that the more skilled the labor the higher must be the pay? Mamie had Hollywood experience; she had picture credits; she wanted to be patriotic, but surely the Government could be fair!

When Major Sumac saw her points he took the matter to higher echelons. Referred all the way to Washington, it caused torrid discussion among the bureaucrats. Some of them resented one whore's thinking she was better than the others. One coordinator insisted that the whores should have an orientation course in democracy; another thought that a fact-finding board should be sent out before any decision was made. But while the case was pending Mamie assiduously cultivated the brass, so she got this decision in her favor: in addition to the Special GI Rate of three dollars there would be a Deluxe GI Rate of five dollars — \$3.50 for the girl and \$1.50 for the madam — and Bertha's three pre-war ten-dollar girls, Mamie, Maybelle and Jackie, were certified to charge the Deluxe Rate.

In complying with their Government's request for this Special GI Rate, the Honolulu whores proceeded to create the most famous *genuine* slogan of the Pacific war: THREE DOLLARS FOR THREE MINUTES!

I say genuine because the other Pacific slogans — Send Us More Japs, Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition, etc. — were phonies. Nobody said them. THREE DOLLARS FOR THREE MINUTES was genuine. It was originated by a GI, and subsequently spoken by thousands of GI's. It was genuine, honest, original, authentic.

Prior to the Second World War the brothels of the earth had operated on more or less the same slow and inefficient plan. The customer entered and found girls in the reception room. He chatted with them, patted their bustles, perhaps bought a few drinks. He then chose his girl, went upstairs with her; and after an interval not so long as to be immodest nor so short as to be embarrassing, he came back down and made a dignified and leisurely departure.

There was some grace in this procedure. Through the years it had acquired a certain tradition, an honored place in our folklore. Like the two old Southern colonels arriving in

New Orleans and one of them saying to the other: "Suh, shall we stop along the way and have a drink or shall we proceed *directly* to the who'house?" Everybody felt sorry for the neglected little tart who sat in the corner and sang plaintively: *They All Go Upstairs But Me*.

But when Bertha Parchman's girls were drafted into the army, they knew that the old unhurried years were ended. Honolulu had to become the Detroit of harlotry. Whores had to embrace mass production; they had to build a better assembly line; they had to modernize or starve. So with their carpenters and plumbers they hovered over diagrams, took readings on slide rules, debated new plans for serving the largest number of customers in the shortest possible time. They had to arrange for a quick turnover. They had to become efficiency experts, speed-up artists, if the fighting men of America were to be properly processed in the crusade for democracy.

One fact was recognized instantly: the day of the One-Bed Woman was past. In the graceful, leisurely old days if one woman kept one bed fairly warm she was doing a good night's work. But now, under the New Deal, even the oldest and laziest of them would have

to operate two beds. And Mamie Stover, who was to become the Henry Ford of harlotry, produced the most ambitiously patriotic plan of all. She announced — and she presented carpentry blueprints to show how she would do it — that as her contribution to the war effort she would keep *four beds* running during the hours she was on the firing line.

(Note: Mamie operated her ingenious device, called a Bull Ring, for three years, and with it poured \$200,000 into her property-purchasing corporation. Limitations will not allow description of the Bull Ring here.)

IN THE Summer of '45 when the war was ending and the Great Rush was subsiding in Honolulu, I asked Mamie what had become of the Bull Ring. She said that the set had been knocked down and was in a store room. At my insistence she had the carpenters dig it out, move it to an Hawaiian Fruit warehouse, and "restore" it. The carpenters put it back together, repainted it, braced it, repaired the four battered couches, screwed the pants hangers back into the walls, even repainted the four steel waste pails.

I carried several of my hilltop

friends over to look at it. I explained it to them. They all found it disturbing, and they all asked me the same questions afterwards.

"What-the-hell you gonna do with it?"

Maybe I never gave them a satisfactory answer. But one night I amused myself for an hour with an idea. I thought I'd have the Bull Ring crated and ship it as a gift to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. I'd write a letter to the Smithsonian — a letter like this:

Sirs:

By American Express I am shipping you today a device which I believe should be preserved if the record of America's participation in the Second War is to be truthfully presented to posterity.

The device was called a Bull Ring. It was designed and chiefly operated by an American girl named Mamie Leona Stover who was born at Leesburg, Mississippi, March 6, 1918. With this Bull Ring Mamie Stover and two American associates, Jackie Smallwood, of Houston, Texas, and Maybelle Valarde, of Chicago, Illinois, provided sexual satisfaction for American fighting men — satisfactions for which our brave lads paid a total of \$600,000.

It is my sincere belief that

you should exhibit the Bull Ring along with models of the LST, the DUKW, the jeep, the Flying Fortress, and all the other ingenious devices with which we Americans waged our war. To enable you to restore it authentically — just as so many Americans will remember it — I am enclosing what appears to be a reliable record of its operation, along with detailed instructions and photographs.

I know, of course, that you have many demands for your space; that you have warehouses full of memorabilia which you simply cannot find the space to exhibit. But I earnestly hope that you can find space for the Bull Ring. It is my belief that by examining this structure Americans can learn much more about the sort of people we really are than they can learn from most of the junk I saw on your floors on my last trip to Washington.

It seems to me that the Bull Ring is an impressive example of that ingenuity which has contributed so much to American Progress -- that ingenuity on which we must now depend for world supremacy. The Bull Ring is in our best assembly-line tradition; it is proof that we can still build the better mouse trap; it is evidence that our youth can still open New Frontiers, that Fame and Fortune still await the ingenious

young American who Has-What-It-Takes.

In case you feel restrained from exhibiting the Bull Ring by considerations of propriety, let me remind you that the same brave old flag which was raised on Suribachi, the same tattered ensign which flew on so bravely over Corregidor, that flag also flew over the Bull Ring and protected it in its folds.

Her operations on the Bull Ring did not monopolize Mamie Stover's energies, nor did it seem to have any adverse effect upon her psychologically. She developed no symptoms of depression, or of anxiety, or of guilt, or of inferiority complex. I never once saw her in hysterics; she didn't drink alone, or dope, or seek a confessional, or display any sign of doubt. On the contrary, from the night I first met her she progressively gained self-assurance.

The first night on the freighter she was a whipped dog. But I let her stay with me; I gave her whatever help one sympathetic individual can give to another. Her five days aboard ship with me helped her. She wasn't a whipped dog when she walked down the gangway to meet Bertha Parchman. She was still scared, but she was in a bargaining position. She had one hun-

dred dollars of my money and she knew that if she didn't find what she wanted she could call me and I'd help her return to the Mainland.

A month later, when she piled \$1344 on the bed before me, she had gained more assurance. She was like a man who has found and secured a rich vein of ore and now needs only to mine it and save his money in order to become rich. She had developed ambitions and plans; she talked easily about goals.

A year later, when she made her first trip to the hilltop, when she put on Bergdorf-Goodman clothes, and when she fondled a packet containing \$22,000, she was more assured, more determined, and more resentful of her enemies. She knew what she wanted and she thought she knew how to get it.

And by December 7, 1941, she was on her way to riches and power. She had her own lawyer; she was a corporationist; she was signing big checks; she was betting and multiplying her money; she was acquiring property and incomes; and she was sending her folks \$2000 a year, enough to make them rich in Mississippi. But socially she was still a goddam whore. She was still discriminated against. She was still sleeping in that same goddam bed she worked

in. She was still regulated and barred from the Better Places.

Then the traveling men seized Hawaii, and with the aid of the Government and the traveling men, Mamie began a systematic revolt against all the old restrictions.

Prior to December 7, 1941, Mamie had had practically no social life. She had had no male escorts. In the early afternoons or on her off days she went shopping, or to the movies, or to Kailua Beach, accompanied only by one or two other whores. The rules of the home-folks society required this, and Government enforced the rules. But after December 7, 1941, the New Government relaxed its attitude toward Mamie, the new traveling-man society welcomed her; and officers-and-gentlemen competed for the privilege of escorting her wherever she wished to go.

ONE OF THE old regulations forbade whores to visit Waikiki Beach; another forbade them to ride about the island in automobiles with men. But on the day in 1942 when Waikiki reopened under Government control, Mamie rode to Waikiki in a Ford automobile owned by the Government of the United States. She rode as the guest of four officers of

the Air Force — a colonel, two majors, and a captain. And she didn't go to the less desirable end of the beach. She lay in the sand of the most exclusive section — sand belonging to Matson and controlled by Castle & Cooke — golden sand on which millions had been spent to make it exclusive and attractive.

She had been on the beach only a few minutes when Officer Pistol Adkins came charging to the scene. The colonel stepped up and met him.

"You've got to get this woman off the beach," Pistol said.

"Why?" the colonel asked.

"She don't belong here. She's a whore."

"Is that a crime? If it is, produce your warrant and arrest her."

"I don't need no warrant. She knows she can't come here."

"Is she disturbing the peace? Or committing a nuisance?"

"She's a whore; she's got to leave," Pistol insisted.

The colonel became emphatic. "Listen," he said, "I'm a colonel in the Army of the United States. The Army is in control here. This woman is my guest. Unless you have a warrant for her arrest, you can go to hell."

That night the news that Flaming Mamie had visited Waikiki and gotten away with

it spread through the island, and by eleven a. m. the next day Waikiki was crawling with whores, each with her military escort. The news continued to spread, and by nightfall of the second day all the old Anglo hilltoppers were either gesticulating angrily or shaking their heads in despair. My old friend, Stanley Gordon, came to my house to discuss it.

"The whores have overrun Waikiki," he said. "Our clock has been turned back a hundred years. The whores and traveling men are fornicating on the beaches again. They'll be in our streets next. Today it's the whores who have overrun Waikiki; tomorrow it'll be all their friends acting up against the decent folk . . . with this officer-scum from the Mainland on the side of the whores. I tell you we can lose this war even if we win it if we let the whores and their bunch get control."

The provincial lawyers tried to save Waikiki, but whores now had constitutional rights. So Waikiki was lost for the duration. The whores and traveling men and the rest of the trash took it over. Waikiki deteriorated. It ran down. It became filthy and nobody bothered to clean it. It looked like a dirty, tropical Coney Island.

The reaction of every dis-

criminating visitor was the same. "My God, is this the world-famous Waikiki Beach! Is this cheap, filthy strip what the songs have been written about! Is this what I saw in the Matson ads and the Chamber of Commerce folders! God, what a fraud!"

And the home folks replied sadly: "Don't judge it as it is now. You should have seen it before the traveling men took it over. You should have seen it when it was exclusive — when it was kept clean, when it was raked every day and the flags were new and the beach umbrellas were colorful, and the few natives who were allowed on it were dressed in gay shirts and neckkerchiefs and they were clean and they played their guitars and sang. You should have seen it when it was a decent man's beach — when it was good and clean and restricted and expensive and exclusive. That was the Waikiki you saw in the ads; that was the Waikiki the songs were written about; that was Waikiki before we lost it to the traveling men with their whores.

"But just wait. The war won't last forever. The traveling men will go home, and Hawaii will be controlled by home folks again. Then we'll drive the whores and scum back where

they belong. We'll put Pistol Adkins back in power and he'll kick any whore's teeth out who shows herself at Waikiki. We'll restore Waikiki. We'll make it new and clean and colorful and expensive and exclusive. We'll write new songs about it, and we'll run new colored pictures of it in the magazines. We'll make it an Island Paradise where you'll be willing to spend your dollars to find beauty and exclusiveness. Wait until we have an opportunity to suppress the uprising and restore order."

MAMIE TOLD ME about her first trip to Waikiki. "I've got as much right to go there as anybody else," she insisted. "I'm an American citizen, free, white, and twenty-one, and I don't owe no sonofabitch a dime. So I've got a right to go where I please, don't I?"

I looked at her and smiled. "Why do you ask me such questions, Mamie? My answers always disappoint you."

"I want to know what you think," she said. "The Government of the United States says I have a right to go to Waikiki. Then no sonofabitch has a right to keep me from going. That's the way I figure it."

"Well, that's the way many people figure it," I said. "They call themselves democrats. I

don't figure it quite that way; so I'm not a democrat. You see, Mamie, there are two governing forces. One is Government; the other is Society. Government's rules are written down — like the Constitution or like the regulations you see posted in hotel rooms. Society's rules are just understood. Sometimes Government enforces the rules of Society. It was that way here before Pearl Harbor. Society didn't want you at Waikiki so Pistol Adkins kept you away from there. Then this Society lost control of Government. Now Government says you can go to Waikiki; and Society has lost the power to prevent you."

"Where do you stand?" she asked me. "With Government or Society?"

"I respect Society. Societies sometime have to be defied, but I believe in societies and fraternities just as I believe water runs downhill. I believe that men may properly seek exclusiveness. I believe that segregation and stratification are proper, though they are cruel. There is nothing more pathetic than the little girl who has been rejected by the sorority, but the cruelty doesn't make sororities improper. Society is cruel, but life is cruel — it's cruel for one person to have more brains or money or virtue than another.

So I respect society and I wish that Waikiki could have been kept exclusive."

The color rose in her cheeks. "They ain't gonna exclude me!"

"No, I don't suppose they will. But tell me this. Now that you have attained Waikiki, do you think that all the scum and those cheap, three-dollar whores should be allowed to go there?"

"Of course not."

"Then you aren't a democrat. The same Government which says that you have a right to go to Waikiki also says that everybody else has the same right."

"That ain't fair," she protested. "You're comparing me to everybody, or to one of those loud-mouthed, filthy-talking, painted whores. You know I'm decent; that I begged you to give me a chance in decent society. Well, you didn't do it, so I've had to make my own way. But I'm going to get everything that any other woman has on this island."

"You remind me of a newspaper editor I once worked for, Mamie," I said. "He used to damn the reactionaries in the Rotary Club, the Country Club, and the Chamber of Commerce. Then the reactionaries were crafty enough to make him a member of those organizations and to increase his pay so that he could buy a home in a re-

stricted area. He soon was defending everything he had once attacked. Whether a person is an attacker or a defender usually depends on which side of the barrier he is on."

When this argument had ended, Mamie relaxed and gave me a report on her burgeoning financial affairs. One of her killings had been in Japanese homes. During the first frantic days after Pearl Harbor many of the Japanese home owners had assumed that their homes would be confiscated or destroyed, so they had rushed to sell for whatever cash they could get. And who wanted to buy a house in Hawaii on Monday, December 8, 1941?

Mamie Stover did. The bombs hadn't quit falling before she was pounding on her lawyer's door ordering him to get as much cash as possible out of her holdings and buy "every god-damn house we can get hold of."

"But, Mamie," her lawyer had argued, "every building on this island may be gone in forty-eight hours."

"I'll take that chance," Mamie said. "You get over to the banks and borrow and beg every penny you can get your hands on."

On the afternoon of the eighth she somehow got a call through to me and begged me to bring

her corporation stock and what money I had of hers to the lawyer's office the next afternoon. At that time I had the stock and about \$3000 in money, so I was glad to take it to her to be rid of the responsibility.

MOST OF THE world was frightened and confused at two p. m. on December 9, 1941. In the Pacific Ocean area a civilization, an entire order of things, was teetering. On Oahu fires were still burning; we were still burying our dead; the island was a confused roar of trucks and airplanes as we tried to fashion a defense; my own home, my friends, my way of life, my existence itself was in jeopardy. I was confused and frightened and saddened and depressed, but when I met Mamie Stover at her lawyer's office she was excited, confident, exultant, like a woman who is gambling for big stakes and who knows that the game is rigged in her favor.

She grabbed me by the lapels. "Listen, Jimmie," she said, "this is it. I told you this war was coming, didn't I? I told you we could get rich, didn't I? Well, today — this week is the biggest of all the opportunities. Everybody is scared; and these Japs are the scarest of all. They'll sell anything they got for nothing. I can buy \$8000

houses for \$2000. I can make a killing. But I've got to have cash. So I'm shooting everything I've got, and I'm begging and borrowing everywhere. Bertha is lending me \$20,000, and I'm going to every girl I know and begging what I can get."

"My god, Mamie," I said, "at a time like this. . . ."

"Sure, at a time like this," she snapped. "This is the time. I told you, Jimmie, that the way to get rich was to get a little money then bet it all at the right moment. This is the moment. I told you that this war was coming and that it would give me the opportunity to get what's coming to me. Well, here it is, and I'm gonna get it!"

When Mamie went to officers' clubs or to Waikiki with senior officers she rode in a comfortable sedan with an enlisted man as chauffeur; but when she went with junior officers she sometimes had to ride in a jeep. She got tired riding in jeeps. A jeep is rough and in the gentlest shower it'll soak you. Then, too, Mamie had envied me my Buick. So during the Summer of '42, very soon after her first trip to Waikiki, she defied another of the old regulations by purchasing an almost-new Cadillac sedan. Her lawyer bought it at a bargain from a hilltopper who could no

longer get gasoline for it. Mamie had no gasoline problem. She could get limitless quantities of gasoline at no cost whatever. The American taxpayer provided her gasoline, all she could use; and when her big car went out after curfew, loaded with officers-and-gentlemen, any MP who dared stop it quickly learned that it was in the service of the Army of the United States. Sometimes it even flew the red-crossed flags of the Medical corps so that it could command right-of-way.

The officers-and-gentlemen who enjoyed Mamie's favor were the most fortunate of the traveling men. On a horribly crowded island where comfortable transportation was almost impossible to command, they had a powerful, luxurious Cadillac at their disposal. Good whiskey was even scarcer, but Mamie's friends enjoyed unlimited quantities of Johnny Walker Black and Old Granddad because Mamie was the most successful dealer in black market stocks purchased from Merchant Marine skippers. Steaks were scarce in the United States, but Mamie Stover had a vast, new, white Frigidaire, paid for by American taxpayers, and always filled with choice tenderloins and sirloins. It was said that among the traveling

men only generals could wear beautifully-laundered clothes — laundry was the scarcest of all services — but the lucky officers who knew Mamie always looked crisper than the generals. For Mamie had servants to launder officers' shirts.

As a matter of fact, if you were a captain or a major or a lieutenant-commander in Hawaii during the Second War, you were foolish not to join Mamie's retinue. She could do so much for you; she could make life so much more comfortable. She was a gorgeous woman to have with you on a beach; and life is nicer on a beach with a gorgeous woman. She could transport you in that Cadillac; and it's nice to have a Cadillac waiting for you at the eighteenth hole. She could feed you those steaks; and steaks taste good after months of Spam. She could give you good whiskey to drink; and there's no denying that good whiskey warms a man, exalts him, helps make the life process good for him. She could give you crisp, clean clothes to wear, and where is the man who feels good after he has washed his shirt in a bath tub, hung it up to dry, then pulled it on without its having been pressed?

Mamie Stover could do a lot for a traveling man, and all she

asked in return was friendliness and a fair amount of respect. There was no lack of captains, majors, and lieutenant-commanders who were willing to accept her bargain.

Mamie Stover's next revolt was against the regulation restricting where she could eat.

Peacetime Hawaii's finest dining establishment is Wai Lee Chong's Chinese Restaurant. It is to Honolulu what the Colony and Twenty-One are to New York. Prior to the Second War no Honolulu whore had ever come near Wai Lee Chong's. If she had, Chong wouldn't have seated her; he would have reported the incident to Pistol Adkins who would have taken the indicated measures. But one night in 1942 a black Cadillac sedan drew up at Chong's door and an Air Force major demanded the best table for his party of six. Chong recognized the woman in the party — the tall, yellow-headed woman in the blue Bergdorf-Goodman dress — and his Oriental stubbornness almost caused him to slam his door in their faces. But under Military Government a major is a major, so Chong sighed, dropped his shoulders, and instructed his head waiter to seat the party.

After that night the whores, with their military escorts,

overran Wai Lee Chong's; so Chong ceased to give an Oriental goddam about the quality of his food or his service. He just made money. Only when old customers like Annalee Johnston and me came in did Chong speak the magic words to his chefs and waiters. One night in 1943 we sat in his private dining room with his best dishes before us and listened to his troubles.

"Mistah Mad-son," he said, "the pigs has come. Pigs and whores. Slop is for pigs. And who can have pride in serving slop to pigs? Fine food is only for fine people; but fine people is being run over by pigs."

I nodded.

"Tell me, Mistah Mad-son," he went on. "You travel much. Is it same everywhere? Is everywhere fine people run over by pigs?"

"Most everywhere," I answered. "They call it a revolution, Chong. The Common Men are taking over the earth."

He grunted in disgust. "Common Men — huh! Pigs. Pigs and whores. Now, after war only pigs come to Wai Lee Chong's." He spread his thin, graceful hands in defeat.

When Chong had left us, Annalee said: "Poor Chong. He doesn't seem to like the war to save democracy, does he?"

"No," I said. "But then

Chong never liked either war or democracy. I never met a keeper of a good restaurant who was a democrat. They all have the attitude of Clarence Darrow. Darrow said he would do anything for a Common Man except eat with him. The good restaurant keepers will do anything for Common Men except feed them."

BY THE SPRING of '43 Mamie had revolted against all the old restrictions except two. She had not yet married a serviceman, and she had not yet bought a home outside the restricted area. But on May first that year she formally completed her revolt by marrying Major Joseph Robert Albright, of the United States Air Force, and moving into a \$40,000 home in Pacific Heights.

Mamie cabled me the news of the twin events. I was in London, and I remember reading the cable and thinking about it as I walked from the Dorchester Hotel over to Grosvenor Square.

Her marrying the major didn't surprise me — all over the world whores were marrying majors. But I was surprised that she had really invaded the Heights. I had never believed that she'd find the courage to do it. Swimming at Waikiki, dining at Wai Lee Chong's, buying a Cadillac, these were easy acts of defiance under the circumstances. But to scale the Heights — to squeeze herself right in amongst the old Anglo developers — I had never believed Mamie would dare it.

I shuddered. "God help Hawaii," I said to myself. "God help my buncha bastuds."

The next installment of The Revolt of Mamie Stover will appear in the May issue of THE MERCURY. In it there will be an account of Mamie's marriage to Major Albright, as well as an examination of the developments which gave her the courage to establish her home in the most respectable area in Hawaii. The complete book will be published September first.

Draughts of Old Bourbon



When "Stone Pants" Said "No" to Alger Hiss

Fred Gunsky, of *The San Francisco Chronicle*, spins this yarn about Russia's Molotov at the founding conference of the United Nations:

Because of his ability to sit for many hours at a desk without stirring, Molotov was nicknamed "Stone Pants" by one of the old Bolsheviks who had a sense of humor and who, therefore, was shot as an enemy of the people. And at the San Francisco conference old "Stone Pants" put on a demonstration which caused Alger Hiss' jaw to drop in amazement.

During one endless morning session I stood backstage with all the guards and watched the proceedings. Molotov was in the chair. He took over at nine a. m. with the impassive dignity of a man who has been winning at poker for thirty years and does not intend to start losing *now*. He delivered an opening speech in forceful Russian which was then interpreted by his man, Pavlov. Then, perfectly composed and conceding just the required amount of attention, he sat back to his chore of several hours' listening. He did not cross his legs, nor fidget, nor doodle, nor consult a watch or notebook, nor gaze up at the

ornate ceiling, although his colleagues varied their vigil by all such distractions. Molotov sat as he must have done on a thousand ceremonial occasions before, sternly personifying before the eyes of the world the mastery of the Kremlin.

As I stood on one foot and the other among the mute watchers in the wings, I reflected how few of the great personages, gathered for what the newspapers were calling the Parliament of Man, carried off the role of power half so well as this tough, tested diplomat of revolution. Stettinius, an extreme example, seated down front with the other United States representatives, was clearly no more than an affable board chairman in constant need of prompting from the bright boys who surrounded him. And Alger Hiss, the Secretary General, across the stage in his outside chair, looked like a youthful professor at a women's college. Stettinius and Hiss were nominally the top-ranking Americans present in the Opera House; but they were patently children beside this stern man who a half dozen years before had negotiated with Hitler and who now shared the fruits of unconditional surrender.

The hours wore on; everybody stirred; at least twice Hiss and Stettinius went to the men's

room; even the Russian guards indulged in a couple of stretches; but Molotov, without a sign of discomfort, kept his seat.

Finally, at two in the afternoon, the long ordeal was over. Diplomats, interpreters, radio men, ushers, photographers began an undignified rush for the doors. Downstairs the lady volunteers were waiting to serve lunch, and there was a general return of awareness that the conference was composed of human beings after all.

Molotov, on his feet for the first time in five hours, strode into the Opera House wings and the secret police closed in. Hiss and a bevy of yes-men joined the circle as the President-of-the-Day was bundled into his topcoat. As Molotov started toward a limousine waiting to carry him to a luncheon, Hiss pulled Pavlov's coattail.

"Ask him," Hiss said, "if he'd like to stop at the men's room." The circle grew silent and Hiss pointed: "There's a men's room over there."

When Pavlov put the question briefly to his principal, I thought that Molotov stared a little contemptuously at Hiss. Then he spoke decisively: "Nyet!" And to the amazement — and perhaps the admiration — of Hiss and the rest of us, he strode defiantly past the door marked

MEN and stepped into his limousine.

How We Got Even With Streicher

Harry N. Sperber, who was educated in Berlin but who now lives in New York, was chief German interpreter at the Nuremberg War Crime Trials. He has a collection of reported stories about shenanigans during the trials. One of them concerns Julius Streicher:

Streicher was a crude, bald, runty, cud-chewing old bastard who masturbated openly and defiantly in his cell. Of all the Nazis he was the most degenerate, and some of his jailers gave him portions of his own medicine. They took turns beating him with a chain and making him kiss the feet of Negro soldiers. When he asked for water they gave it to him in a used spittoon.

When Streicher got his day in court the presiding judge was Sir Geoffrey Lawrence, who was bald, British, and in some cases more benevolent than the other judges. There was some uneasiness among the jailers who had tormented Streicher when Sir Geoffrey acceded to Streicher's request that he be allowed to make a statement.

The old swine began wailing about the way he had been treated. He detailed, quite truth-

fully, what had happened to him, and cried: "I don't deserve such treatment."

Sir Geoffrey listened in stony silence. Then he rapped his pencil on the table and declared: "We are not interested in your private affairs, prisoner. We will proceed with the case."

There were some audible sighs of relief.

Von Ribbentrop and The Happy New Year

Joachim von Ribbentrop, the effeminate ex-champagne salesman who negotiated the Hitler-Stalin pact, was the biggest disappointment at the trial. His secretary told me she had often seen him sob behind his desk when Hitler neglected to call him. On the witness stand, gray and ashen, he engaged in dreary diatribes. During one intermission I heard Goering say to him: "Hey, Joachim, you are laying an egg up there. Get a little life into the show. Crack some jokes."

Ribbentrop, his mouth drooping, replied: "That would be below my dignity."

His lawyer was a jolly old rogue, Dr. Fritz Sauter. On January 2, 1946, after a holiday recess, Sauter laughed and told me: "Ribbentrop just fired me. He is sore because I went home to see my folks for Christmas.

And he just bawled me out for not wishing him a Happy New Year.

"Imagine it! In a few weeks they'll hang him and he expects me to wish him a Happy New Year."

Raeder's Opinion of Goering and Keitel

During the trial of Erich Raeder, the aged and apathetic Nazi admiral, the judges retired to discuss admissibility of a document. The courtroom was almost empty, and I sat at the interpreters' desk working a crossword puzzle. Through my earphones I could hear Raeder arguing with his attorney, and they both were unaware that I was listening.

The old admiral cried: "Don't let them read this statement. I made it in Moscow in 1945 after the Russians had arrested me and when I thought I was going to Siberia. How was I to know I would some day sit here with all these prisoners? Don't let them read it."

The judges blocked reading of the document, but I saw it later. Raeder had told the Russians that Goering was a stupid, greedy ass; that Field Marshall Keitel was a Boy Scout in general's pants; and that Admiral Karl Doenitz was an incompetent, overbearing fool.

Rosenberg's Catalogue of Art Treasures

When Alfred Rosenberg was governor-general of German-occupied Russia, he sent a letter to Hitler one day along with two paintings stolen from a Russian church. "I do hope, my Fuehrer," he wrote, "that these presents will bring some sunshine into your work-burdened life."

Alfred Thoma, who represented Rosenberg at the trials, sat with me one day examining thirty-eight volumes of photographs of art treasures stolen by Rosenberg's aides. I nudged Thoma and remarked: "There, Dr. Thoma, is a terrible record of Nazi ruthlessness. Only the good Lord knows how much human blood clings to those treasures."

The German mind of Doktor Thoma reacted in a characteristic manner: "But you must admit, sir, that these treasures are catalogued most beautifully?"

An Argument On The Patton Speech

In the January issue THE MERCURY published in this space what may be the authentic version of the address delivered in England to the Third Army by General George Patton. But authenticity was challenged by

several men who heard the address and who have copies. Each challenger claims that at least one other paragraph must be added.

THE MERCURY's version was given to former Congressman Joseph Clark Baldwin at General Patton's headquarters in Czechoslovakia in 1945. As soon as all the arguments can be settled, what seems to be the most reliable version will be recorded, and recordings will be made available to all those persons who have written and telephoned for them.

A Deluge of Essays

Essays on whether or not Drew Pearson is an authentic American sonofabitch — and on

sonsofbitches in general — are cascading into THE MERCURY's offices. Two editors have been detailed to read nothing else, and in the next issue excerpts from the best of the essays will be published.

* * *

(Note: Contributions to "Draughts of Old Bourbon" are welcomed; and in addition to its regular rates of payment, THE MERCURY rewards successful contributors with a jug of the rarest and finest old bourbon ever run off under a full southern moon. The yarns may be factual, if the contributor insists, or any relation to the truth may be purely coincidental. There is far too much fact in the world already.)

**William Bradford Huie's
powerful first novel!**

A best-seller during World War II in both America and England, this is a rough, tough, and thoughtful book, shot through with poetry and tragedy; hope, despair, and bitterness . . . a report on one man's experiences in the midst of the battle for faith and integrity during the last war.

★ "An unusually readable book, honest and exciting, an authentic document of groping youth in a changing world."

Thomas Quinn Curtiss, in *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books*

★ "A forceful, robust novel of personal experiences."

Harry Hansen, in *N. Y. World-Telegram*

**Now available to
Mercury readers at a new low price \$2.25**

The American Mercury 32 East 57th St. New York 22, N. Y.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

LIBRARY
ARMED FORCES STAFF COLLEGE

Books . . . selected for MERCURY readers now available at special prices!

Distinguished works by four outstanding modern authors gathered for you and made available as a MERCURY service for readers of fine literature.

MUD ON THE STARS ☐ \$2.25
by WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

CASUALTY ☐ \$1.65
by ROBERT LOWRY

ON THE MARBLE CLIFFS ☐ \$1.65
by ERNST JUENGER

COMES THE COMRADE ☐ \$4.00
by ALEXANDRA ORME

SPECIAL LOW PRICE ON ALL FOUR ☐ \$9.00

*Order separately at listed prices or
all four at \$9.00 offer from*

★ ★ ★ ★ THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 32 EAST 57th ST., NEW YORK 22, N. Y. ★ ★

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED